

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

I had so frequently appealed to the Citizens' Association to take some hand in the coming municipal election, and apparently without success that I was becoming discouraged, when the rumor reached me that it is quite possible that a meeting will shortly be held and the matter considered. It will now largely depend on the amount of self-sacrifice that some of the officers of the association are willing to make. That anybody who has a recognized position, either socially, commercially or politically, should desire to mix himself in municipal politics in their present condition with other than the best motives, is to simply presume that man to be a rascal or else devoid of sense. It may be a very great honor to be known as an alderman. Under some circumstances and in some places it doubtless is, but for a long time the title in Toronto has not been held in high esteem. To be Mayor of Toronto, to be chief executive officer in a government which spends so many millions, should excite the ambition of leading men, but it doesn't.

We have so long been governed by incapacity, though in many cases well-intentioned persons, that we have gotten into a most deplorable condition. I am not an alarmist, but I can state conscientiously that nobody knows just the fix we are in. Toronto's finances are in a mess, and we have nobody who can straighten the tangle, and that those who have been appointed for the purpose go about like school children, as I am told they are doing, trying to raise money, indicates that matters will be worse unless somebody makes an attempt to reorganize the whole business. There is a career open to the business man who will go in as mayor, and, without striving after popularity, straighten things out. No man should be placed in the mayor's chair to make him popular or to test his popularity. Toronto is sick of experimenting. There is one of our leading business men in whom people, irrespective of politics, have entire confidence. He has made a success of his business, he is one of the most approachable of men—gentle, kindly, yet firm. His integrity is above suspicion. If he would accept the nomination he would be elected by acclamation. Though he is one of the most prominent Conservatives in Toronto, there is not a Reformer in the city who would say a word against him. The great difficulty is that Mr. W. R. Brock is at the head of a great business, and though he is a man of means and has an exceedingly valuable trade, he is by no means one of those millionaires who, having amassed a great fortune, can afford to retire and devote himself to works of philanthropy or politics. For many years he has been spoken of as the most desirable man for this and many other high places of public trust, but has persistently refused to listen to any such suggestions. It is exceedingly doubtful if he can be prevailed upon at this important crisis to permit his name to be used, and I confess that I have not dared approach him lest he might forbid me to even mention it in such a connection. I have taken the liberty, however, because it is useless to deal in generalities, and I desire to point out the fact that we have long enough experimented with those who have been failures when at the head of private concerns and have continued to be failures when at the head of our municipal concern. If we are to have a mayor who is to get the city out of its present entanglements he must be a man of affairs, must be successful, energetic. Such men are all at the head of important enterprises. To accept the mayoralty must be a great sacrifice to anyone of such a sort. It can bring no desirable publicity or new honor to a man who is already known and esteemed throughout Canada. The salary is trifling to a man whose charities and donations already reach as high a figure and must be doubled under the altered circumstances. How then can we persuade anyone except a "prentice hand" to accept the responsibility, unless by appealing to patriotism, to the sense of duty, to the absolute necessity of someone undertaking the task who understands and can accomplish it. If this appeal fails the result must be the continued reign of incompetence, and no one will ultimately be more seriously injured than the leading business men of the city.

Further still, without urging anything more than the unfortunate circumstances which have surrounded the present administration, it is a solemn fact that good men cannot be induced to offer themselves as candidates under the present regime. There is no man in Toronto whose kindly, courteous, and gentlemanly bearing is more attractive than that of Mr. W. R. Brock. It would of course have to be thoroughly understood that if he or any other busy man permitted his name to be put up it would be on the understanding that he should receive a proper support in the City Council, and I am sure there are enough solid men thoroughly acceptable to the public who would volunteer to serve under him if invited by a representative organization such as the Citizens' Association. It is truly impossible to obtain their services unless Mr. Brock, or someone who enjoys to an equal extent the confidence of the people, agrees to be a candidate for the mayoralty. With the good men who are now in the Council and a dozen others who might be induced to become candidates, a mayor, who shall be well known to have made a great sacrifice in accepting the position, and a preliminary announcement that it is his intention to reform the system as well as to change the details, something

could be accomplished. Nothing will be done, nothing can be done, unless the next administration is elected on the understanding that every defective thing shall be re-organized. To do this we must have men experienced in organization. To get these men, some organization which can fairly claim to represent public sentiment must step in and invite proper men to become candidates—not only invite them, but insist upon their candidature. I hope that this is the intention of the Citizens' Association, and that a meeting may be held very shortly to begin a campaign in which personal sacrifice and not personal ambition shall be the controlling impulse.

I am in very great doubt as to the advisability of the meetings which are sometimes advertised for women only, for men only. I think it is frequently a dodge used by sensationalists to attract an audience by suggesting the idea that something is to be said which it would be improper for one of the other sex to hear. There is an old story about a missionary who went to a mining camp to preach. His audience was very unruly and frequently interrupted him. Pausing in his address he said, "You don't seem to appreciate what I am saying. Perhaps it is a little dry. All those of you who would like me to tell a smutty story hold up your hands." Everybody in the room voted in favor of the story. The preacher went on with his sermon, and was listened to for five or ten minutes when one of the miners shouted out:

"cause their ideas change with their surroundings, are influenced by their affections, and are crushed by afflictions. Men who are successful or have plans which will win success if adhered to or who have not some idiosyncrasy which will mutilate if not render impossible the career they contemplate, neither affection, affliction nor hope deferred can greatly change. The formless, objectless man may by accident become prominent or by spasmodic efforts occasionally fill the public eye or his private purse, but he will neither be considered great nor become powerful, rich nor exalted. To succeed, a man must have a definite purpose, he must know what he desires and if he is fortified in a resolution to accomplish that which seems to him good, there are ninety-nine chances out of a hundred that he will succeed. It is really wonderful how few chances there are against him if a man's ambition lies within reason, and he is unfaltering in the pursuit of it. We have been so often advised to have a definite purpose and to adhere to it in spite of every influence that we sometimes forget that frequently neither our own good nor the good of our fellowman is implied or in any way connected with our success. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the obtaining of money is the chief end of men's efforts. It cannot be denied that the obtaining of a competence is necessary, and even the prophets have written that a man is worse than infidel if he neglects his household and looketh not after his own. But look at the effect upon our social, religious and political

"The woman I want I can't have, and those who will have me the devil wouldn't have." To a certain extent this is true of Dame Toronto. Those she would have are engrossed in other pursuits, have not felt the touch of impulse, the call of duty nor the noble fire of municipal patriotism. Those who coax and woo her, those suitors who are always anxious for her favor, are undesirable. This by no means applies to every man who has been an unsolicited candidate for public favor. Very frequently local grievances have disturbed the calm of most worthy men and the purest desire to serve the city has impelled others to become candidates. But the noisiest and most influential, the most persistent and most pestilent, have been those who had no interest to serve but their own, who had no object clean enough to be made public, no principle that was not a pretence, no expressed hope that was not hypocritical.

If we remain in this condition the city must suffer and the citizens must share in the disaster which will surely result. We have already arrived at the point when the ambitions which are otherwise directed, the men who are otherwise employed, the hopes which have been fixed elsewhere, must be focussed upon the significant fact that something must be done and that it is not a question of ambition but of duty, of self-interest that our affairs be put on a business basis, and those who have before them a well-defined career should remember that the shortest road to it and the right road

now means that the Separate Schools of Toronto, with this one exception, are in charge of teachers who have not passed a public examination, and that the school books used in these schools are not necessarily those authorized by the Department of Education. Moreover, they are not inspected by the same inspector who looks after the Public Schools, but by inspectors who are officers of the province, not of the city, men who have received their appointment because of ecclesiastical influence and will only be retained so long as they are acceptable to the church. These, indeed, are Separate Schools, very much more separated than they ought to be, so "separate" in fact that the money raised by taxation for their support might just as well be handed to the bishops and spent as they see fit. Any apparent public control over them is but a pretence, and I am quite sure the Catholics of Toronto in their hearts believe with me that it is a mistake.

Speaking about the clergy, I notice that the *Globe* is putting itself in shape to fight those Roman Catholic bishops who have been helping the wicked Tories in their election campaigns. It seems to me that Brother Farrar was not given a seat in the *Globe* building for nothing, and his attack on Bishop Cameron of Antigonish though perfectly justifiable, had about it the ring of his old editorials on the *Mail*. The *Globe* in fact has warned the clergy in other provinces that their cloth shall not save any man from "just" criticism, if he issues a document intended to injure a Reform candidate. The activity of the leading members of the Reform party in stamping the country, the publication of the Quebec scandal which, by the way, if true, is a most frightful revelation and if false a serious libel—all indicate their belief that an election is not far off and that they can carry the day. They are always hopeful. Hope deferred maketh not the Grit heart sick in Dominion politics, while his friends are in power in Ontario where office is easy and money plentiful to the faithful.

The *Evening News* is to be complimented on the able review it published this week of the Ontario Government's aggression in the matter of license. It proved from official documents by figures which cannot be denied, that since 1880 the provincial treasury has received over a quarter of a million dollars for liquor licenses issued in this city. The Reformers have been so boastful about having kept Ontario from direct taxation that the *News* question is very pertinent, "If this is not a provincial tax what is it?"

So many novels would not be written especially by women or so widely read and admired by the same sex in which very intense men are the heroes, if there was not in the female mind a well-defined idea that no man loves a woman who is not thoroughly devoted to her, ready to adopt any measures to win or retain her. The gentle sex, I imagine, have some queer notions, one of which is that love should so possess a man's being that he can't even give a strabismic glance at another woman or be absorbed in any other pursuit than courting and the making of pretty speeches. I said that this was an idea of the female mind, and I said it advisedly. It is not in the female heart to love that kind of a man better than the one who has been described as "onsatins." The man who is a devotee at a woman's shrine becomes her slave, then she ceases to love him much as she may scold and suspect that other sort of a man who loves wisely, good-temperately and without frequently making an ass of himself.

An incident happened at Cobourg station the other evening, when a discarded lover named McGuire pushed a Miss Tucker and her male escort between two moving trains with the alleged intention of killing them. McGuire had already served a term in prison for having tried to kill Miss Tucker's father who refused to permit him to come to his house. Now, no woman should ask any greater devotion than McGuire had displayed, and it is not at all infrequent that men are so deliriously attached to a woman that they kill her and commit suicide rather than see her loving another. Of course there is no more unutterable ass than that sort of a man, and women should remember that he is exactly the sort of a fellow with whom it is almost impossible to get along. They do remember it, yet they frequently make themselves unhappy by demanding exactly that sort of devotion, forgetting apparently that the nature capable of it is too narrow and inflammable to be controlled by good sense or to act with anything approaching to good manners. The man who yields such homage demands it, and his insistence is generally backed by a pistol or a club. There is much good sense in the little dislich:

"Leave me little, love me long,
Love that is too hot and strong,
Burneth soon to waste."

Or if it does not burn to waste will turn everything up all around it!

I often pity the great and growing army of unloved women, many of whom are the most lovely. The greater portion of them are what we sometimes derisively call old maids. There is no doubt that having left unfulfilled nature's intention that they should be wives and mothers, they frequently grow to be peculiar. Sometimes amog those who have never really loved and mad sacrifice for those they loved, they become almost silly in their des-



FRIENDS.

"Why don't you tell us that story?" The preacher paused and then retorted: "I didn't intend to tell any smutty story. I just took a vote to see how many blackguards there were in the room." I am afraid it is something of the same spirit of the mining camp which attracts the audiences who desire to hear addresses "to women only" and "men only." An indelicate episode happened here in the city very lately when a woman-preacher—and one whose piety is highly esteemed—was addressing an audience of her own sex and one of her congregation thought she detected the presence of "a man." There was a wild hub-bub for a while, and though it was finally decided that "he" was a woman, it suggests to me that either something was being said which was not very delicate for one woman to say to an audience to whom she was a stranger, or else that it made very little difference whether there was a man in the room or not. No doubt a woman who desires to do good should avail herself of every opportunity to converse with her sisters and those with whom she is acquainted, in private, but it seems to me venturing on very thin ice when a congregation of all sorts and conditions of women come together to hear matters appertaining to their sex discussed on the platform. I think, as a rule, those who attend such meetings are either ashamed of having been there if any broad language is used, or disappointed if they went to hear that sort of thing and found that suggestiveness had simply been used as an allurements. In either case the result cannot be really good.

The difficulty experienced in persuading any prominent and progressive business man to take a hand in municipal politics, suggests to me the saying of something with regard to men's ideals. I do not believe I could write at all satisfactorily of what women hope for be-

life of such a vain ambition as money alone. Socially men are too busy making money to have a home life. The children of money grubbers grow up without having made more than the passing acquaintance of their father. Wives are left to their own devices and the mental growth and education of those who look up to a man as the head of the family are stunted. Religiously men forget the teachings of God and the rules of man in their eager pursuit of wealth. Politically the country is left to the management of professional politicians, voting to the idle and careless except when convenience or self-interest urges the would-be millionaire to deposit his ballot.

When one looks to the rich and those who should be influential for an example, it ceases to be strange that great empires have fallen and kingdoms have ceased to be when wealth and self-indulgence have become the main objects of those who should have been the leaders of their race and prominent figures of their times. In democracies especially, nothing is more threatening to the good of the community than the very spirit which is so prevalent in Toronto to-day that wise men and comparatively rich men leave to others who are not competent and may not be honest the management of public affairs. Organizations have been created to prevent cruelty to animals, for the suppression of vice, for the advancement of science, for the cultivation of art, for everything except the maintenance of a pure, progressive and permanent city government. There is no one but those who have a personal interest in corruption who are not desirous of a reform, but it is nobody's business. Nobody is anxious to become active in an organization lest it be said: "If good good candidates are so scarce, why don't you run yourself?" An old bachelor was once asked why he had not married, and he replied:

to it is the path of duty, that if the general good be neglected private interest must suffer.

The tendency and meaning of Roman Catholic separate schools were well exemplified at the last meeting of the Toronto Board, when it was decided that teachers from the religious community of Loretto shall replace the present secular teachers at St. Helen's school. The contention that the present secular teachers be retained found no favor, my old friend, Father McCann clinching the argument against it by saying that the school in his parish was the only one in Toronto in which the teachers did not belong to the religious communities. Of course I am only discussing this from a secular point of view, but it strikes me as a great pity that the Separate Schools of Toronto, supported by money raised by taxation, should be taught by those who have to undergo no examination. The teachers in the public schools are forced to pass an examination in order to protect the child—the growing citizen—from being wrongly taught. In the Separate schools no such examination of teachers is made so long as the teachers belong to a religious order. I attempt to throw no doubt upon the piety and moral worth of such teachers, and it is quite possible that their attainments are sufficiently high to entitle them to a teaching position, but it is not the rule of the state to grant teachers' certificates to people who are pious or are members of a vestry or conference, and it should not be permitted for anyone to teach the coming citizen without passing an examination. That the church is anxious to have these unexamined members of a community take charge of the schools, is evident from the good Father McCann's statement that St. Helen's school was the last in the city in which the teachers did not belong to a religious order. It

Boudoir Gossip.



GUARDIAN angels are often spoken of. In the imaginations of many people they take the forms and wear the faces of those dear ones who shield us from harm. It is not by bodily strength they protect us, but by the more powerful force of their qualities of mind and heart. We depend upon them for some characteristic not possessed by us. They aid us with their influence—by their gentleness and purity; by their courage, resolution and kindly care.

The real guardian angels are beings without wings—ones which help, strengthen and encourage us. They differ from friends who are not angels, in that they speak always in season, never intrude upon sacred feelings, and are not given to producing an inflammation of the temper by irritating and ill-timed advice.

DEAR CLIP CAREW.—To your general questions of SATURDAY NIGHT, November 22, I answer, in sympathy with the little girl on the farm. I once knew the delights of rambling over fields and through woods, and the child's sorrow at being told, on my return from school, that my pet chicken had been consigned to the provision-stores for the next day's dinner. The cunning yellow gosling nursed so carefully grew away from my affection. The birds that I tamed, died or flew away, and dogs and all kinds of pets drifted from my care. Being an old woman I console myself with the thought that bitter and sweet must be mingled from childhood to age.

You "wonder why women wear ear-rings." It is because we love the little bits of amethyst or the enamelled form of a pansy. We know that they are not sensible.

I am very late in sending this letter, but I live in the country. We have just had our Thanksgiving, and we have been very busy. So good-bye. Yours very truly,

JANE.

Thank you, Jane, for your kind letter. I am glad to know that you, too, can go back in memory to happy childhood on a farm—for it was happy—even if the chickens were drowned and the chickens eaten. But surely you do not really admire ear-rings. Do you?

DEAR MARGUERITE.—Your contrite little letter came this morning. I am sure "Jacob" will pardon you for your query regarding him, when I tell him that you wish me to be the bearer of your sincere regret, and quote from your gentle apology: "I know there are many true and tender-hearted men in the world—men who can be brave and strong, and whose tenderness and love is to them what the leaves are to the oak. Undoubtedly in many cases early training in loving homes has influenced their lives, and it is the high-souled, generous mothers who are the making of such men. It is a cause for thankfulness that Wordsworth's Warrior is not a myth, add there

'Is yet a soul whose master bias leans To home's pleasures and to gentle scenes.'

Jacob's ideal is a high one and worthy a noble man."

The Kodak promises to be useful as an umpire in matrimonial discussions. It is not long ago that a man who is generally considered a reserved, practical individual with a well-balanced head, considerable brains and very little heart, undertook to reproach his wife for "indulging in such senseless rhapsody over that baby." Quick as thought the little woman held up a photograph. He was interested, and examined it closely. It represented a man bending over a cradle, his face beaming with happiness and his arms wrapped about a tiny long-gowned figure with a very bald head. His mouth wore the expression produced by an extravagant chirrup, his eyes were wide open, and seemed to be beseeching the commendation of the little autocrat. He looked a very happy man.

Mr. Sternberg regarded the portrait attentively. He held it still closer to his face, then started back thrusting his parted fingers through his hair and darted an eager fiercely-questioning look at his laughing wife.

"Yes, dear," she answered, "it's you. I took it the other afternoon, when you stole off to the nursery. My Kodak is very handy."

He smiled sardonically. School was dismissed and the whilom tutor devoted himself to the evening paper and let the mother count the ten little pink toes fifty times over.

The *Jeweler's Circular* says: Many of the watches are smaller and more elaborately decorated than ever. There are watches, the cases of which are entirely covered with good-sized diamonds with a half-encrusted with diamonds hanging at the end of a gold chain.

There is a revival of the loose chain bracelet with padlock.

Necklaces, by-the-by, are more worn than ever. Some of them take on the form of a fringe. Gold and silver beads continue to be popular.

Clocks are a favorite article of this season. Sterling silver heart clocks are affected just now for boudoir and writing tables.

A new fan is always an acceptable novelty. The last idea is an extra stick placed on the outside and movable. By means of patent fastenings, flowers can be attached to it and the rib may remain either outside or can be slipped into the center of the fan.

There is a demand not only for fancy-colored diamonds, but for all colored gems.

From the *Illustrated American* I clip the following: One of the latest and prettiest things in wedding fads, is the presentation to the new-married pair of a handsome blank book, lettered and clasped with silver, and inscribed "Our Log"—that is, a log-book of their voyage on the Pacific Ocean of matrimony. The book must bear the inscription, names, date of wedding, etc., and it must have the keys to it—one owned by the husband and the other by the wife. The first entry must be of the wedding

invitations, bridesmaids, ushers, presents received, and a description of the wedding from the two persons most nearly concerned in it. Then all the pleasant events afterward are chronicled, and the record is supposed to end only with death. It was originated in the navy, where the fashion of husbands and wives keeping a log during their enforced absence from each other, and exchanging these journals, has long prevailed.

It is a pretty idea, and yet to many hearts, shipwrecked upon that matrimonial sea, the dainty conceit would full often carry a measure of exquisite pain.

A few days before Christmas 1889, I was on board a train unusually crowded with the people who are always moving about in the holiday season. The seat directly in front of me was occupied by a slender, pale-faced girl, whose sad brown eyes had attracted me as she half turned to look back for some one. At last he came—her brother by all appearances, and they talked together earnestly until the train moved out. She had been a student at the Normal School, and successful in her examinations, was returning to her home to take a school which, she assured her brother, was "as good as promised" to her. Her clothes were shabby and out of date. He too looked poverty pinched, but they both talked hopefully of the future.

I could not help thinking what the certificate meant to her. I seemed to see the struggle and self-denial necessary for the expense of her course of study. I knew how carefully the cost of board and books had been calculated, and how slender a margin remained for clothing with nothing to spare for luxury. I admired her—a brave woman who had worked for an end, and held in her hands her hard-earned victory. But that which touched my heart was her timid, yet gleefully voiced announcement: "I managed to get the gloves for mother."

"Did you?" said the brother, in a commendatory tone. "Well, I'm real glad of that. How much did you give for them?"

"Thirty cents," answered the girl. Then she went on apologetically, "They're not much to give, but I was so short of money, and I know she'll like them. They're good and warm."

The bell rang its warning, and the non-travelers hurried off. Among them the brother, who bade his sister a quick farewell.

Her words rang in my ears in detached sentences: "They're not much to give—so short of money—know she'll like them—good and warm."

God bless the girl in her poverty. I thought, and grant to the mother a heartfelt joy in the poor gift purchased with such tender care and bestowed in all its littleness with love from a full heart.

CLIP CAREW.

Domestic Confidences.

Loud blew the night winds. Monotonously rasped the early autumn katydid. And yearningly yowled the abandoned and shameless cat on the roof of the coalshed.

"Maia," observed Mr. Billus, as he leaned back in the easy chair and looked contemplatively at his wife, "your nose reminds me of an interesting novel, my dear."

"Why so, John?" she inquired.

"Because it is red to the very end."

Hoarsely murmured the night winds, perseveringly scraped the katydid, and wider grew the wail of the melancholy cat on the coalshed.

Mrs. Billus sat in silence, listening to the weird voices of the night, her hands folded in sublime contentment, and her eyes wandering from her husband's countenance to the shadow of his profile moving up and down on the wall as the flame in the cosy grate opposite fitfully rose and fell.

"John," she said at last, "the color of your nose reminds me somehow of the Government of Louisiana."

"In what respect, Maria?"

"Because," she answered softly, "it takes a lot of eye to keep it up."

Mr. Billus thoughtfully rubbed his nose and listened a while in pensive silence to the mournful night winds, the voice of the insistent katydid, and the despairing yowl of the ostracized cat in the back yard.

"And that reminds me, Maria," he said, reaching out for another chair to rest his feet on, "that if I hadn't married you, my dear, you would probably have been for the rest of your life like a lottery ticket after the drawing."

"Why?"

"Because you would have been all torn up, my dear."

"It wouldn't have made any difference, John," said Mrs. Billus, sweetly. "I drew a blank anyhow."

"You did, my love," said Mr. Billus, his voice trembling with tenderness, "a blank fool."

"And it would have been better for me, perhaps," she went on, plaintively, "if I had been like a newspaper with lottery advertisements in it."

"Why so, madam?"

"Because," replied Mrs. Billus, looking placidly into the fire, "then I should have been excluded from the males."

Mr. Billus got up and went out, and as Mrs. Billus sat looking dreamily at the dancing flames and listening to the sobbing night winds and the guttural refrain of the katydid, she could distinctly hear Mr. Billus swearing and throwing stones at the cat.—*Chicago Tribune*.

His Business Ear.

Minister (repeating for the twentieth time the words of his text)—What shall I do to be saved?

Jeweler (suddenly awakened)—Wear 'anti-swear' cuff buttons.

Traveling.

Among its many other distinctions the latter part of the nineteenth century may be aptly termed the age of travel. Thirty years ago a journey from New York to San Francisco meant a tedious voyage around Cape Horn, across the Isthmus, or a still more trying and uncomfortable voyage in a "prairie clipper." Now it has dwindled down to a mere five-day's existence in a sumptuous palace car, in which no element of discomfort is allowed to enter to mar the pleasure of the tourist. An experienced and discriminating traveler is to be distinguished by his dress just as readily as is the correctly dressed person in any other social channel. The material used in such garments are of the Scotch cheviot makes, in plaids or diagonals, which make a very handsome garment. Having on hand a most desirable line of these goods, I would ask your inspection before purchasing elsewhere. Elegance and fine workmanship, combined with moderation in prices. The fashionable West End tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

Offensive Virtue.

"Why, Tommy; why did you slap your sister Ethel?"

"She was so darned good, mamma, I couldn't help it."—*Lyle*.

Different Styles of Painting.

Daub—I was paid for my last painting today.

Madame—Ah, indeed! What is going to be your next subject?

Daub—The towel.

True to His Calling.

Customer—What will you charge me for a ten cent bottle of camphor?

Druggist—Oh, about twenty-five cents.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

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SWEET HETTY LOVELACE.

By the author of "The Sin and the Sinner," "Love Conquers All," Etc.

FIRST HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

"Good afternoon, Dr. Jackson."

"Er—good afternoon, Miss Hetty," returned Dr. Jackson, taking the outstretched hand in his and bowing in his usual confused manner. "I was coming up the road from old Mrs. Trevelyan's, and hearing the organ playing, I just turned in to listen. I hope you do not mind?"

"O, certainly not!" answered Hetty Lovelace, smiling. "But I was only running through one or two things for next Sunday. I have so little time to spare that my practising hours are few and far between."

They were standing in the old churchyard of Liston; Hetty had just locked the church door and turned round a corner of the little ivy-covered church, when she came upon Dr. Jackson standing silently in a listening attitude, apparently waiting for the music to commence.

"Permit me to carry your music roll, Miss Hetty," said the doctor, as they slowly descended the steep gravel path to the outer gates. "Thank you," replied Hetty, as she allowed him to relieve her of the music, not because of its weight, but for fear that she might utter aloud the different young doctor by a refusal.

Liston church and its churchyard stood on a gently-sloping eminence overlooking the little village in the valley below. A quarter of a mile down the only road which Liston could boast stood the Vicarage, Hetty Lovelace's birthplace and home; half a mile farther on to the right was the Hall; and midway between these two was the doctor's house, a low-roofed white building, with a great rambling lawn and a shrubbery in the rear. A few clusters of cottages were to be seen here and there; and in a wider circuit were the outlying farm-houses and lanes. A way to the east stretched the great Liston Moor, with its treacherous morasses, looking black and chill in the winter haze; and miles beyond, like thin clouds on the horizon, rose the low hills of Dun.

Liston had been Hetty's lifelong home—her father had been Vicar of Liston for nearly thirty years—but Dr. Jackson was quite a newcomer, having succeeded to the practice of the late Dr. Merriwell some three or four months before. The general opinion in Liston was that the neighborhood had not greatly benefited by the change. Old Dr. Merriwell had been with them as long as the Vicar; he knew their constitutions, and what was much more to the point, he knew their tempers and their fancies. Dr. Jackson was a young man—a slip of a lad of twenty-something—about as old as my Jim," as Mrs. Buxter, the principal farmer's wife, had put it. As a matter of fact, Dr. Jackson had a good-by to the twenties, but his spare form, scanty light hair, and nervous blue eyes made him look several years younger than he really was. It was of very little account in the estimation of Liston that the new doctor was a doctor of medicine of an English university, that he was a prisoner of a year, and that he was a prominent contributor to the leading medical paper. They had no confidence in him. It did not influence Liston in the least when Mrs. Higgins, the postmistress, avowed that she had found the new doctor "real clever" with her "rhumatism," "a deal slight better than that old muddler, Merriwell," and his hands were "all knuckles," as Beatrice Lovelace put it, which was sufficient to render him unpopular among the juniors.

Thus it was that the new doctor's brief sojourn in Liston had not been marked by much success; and sweet Hetty Lovelace, the vicar's second daughter, the mistress of the vicar's household, and the patient confidante who held in her pretty little head all the small troubles of the place and found time and heart to sympathize with every one, felt really sorry for the young doctor, and championed him on all occasions. Hetty's sister Beatrice, the beauty and the idler, seemed to regard the arrival of Dr. Jackson as a personal slight, because she had in anticipation pictured the new-comer as an Adonis with a large private income, who would in the natural order of things lay his heart and his fortune at her feet before he had been in the village a couple of months. Beatrice even went so far as to taunt Hetty with setting her cap for the new doctor.

Hetty had certainly received a much larger share of the doctor's attentions than her sister, for his shy greetings and occasional brief calls could be termed attentions. This fact did not improve Beatrice's behavior towards this new addition to their country circle. He should at least have had the good taste to fall hopelessly in love with her and give her a reasonable opportunity of snubbing him.

But Hetty's sympathy for the doctor in his difficult task of ingratiating himself with crabbed and obstinate people was rather than to the natural sweetness of her disposition than to any particular predilection for him as a possible suitor. She was only nineteen, and could well afford to wait for suitors, being pretty enough, in her dark ruddy healthfulness, to have come and a dozen. With her multifarious duties, however, Hetty was far too busy to spend much time in thinking about possible lovers.

"Are you beginning to like Liston better, Dr. Jackson?" asked Hetty, as they walked down the road together—he had confided to her on a previous occasion the trouble he had in getting on with the people.

"I think so; I fancy I am making a little more headway," he answered, with a grateful smile. "My predecessor was a very popular man; and you know it is always difficult for one to take the place of a popular man."

"O, they will all like you, when they know you better, I am sure, Dr. Jackson!" said Hetty frankly and encouragingly.

"Thank you much for your good opinion," he returned, and then added, with a bashful glance at the girl, "It is half the battle to have gained such an ally."

They had arrived at the Vicarage gates, and Hetty invited her companion to come in and drink tea; but the young man murmured an excuse about a call he expected and, raising his hat, walked on in the direction of his house.

"Poor fellow—he doesn't look very happy!" mused Hetty, as she tripped back to the inn. "It must be hard work to overcome such prejudices. I wish he had come in—he must be very lonely in that great rambling house."

"I can't bear that muffled Jackson—can you, Trix?" was the word that fell upon Hetty's ear later in the evening as she approached the library to procure a book. "I asked him the other day if he would play tennis, and he said—'you know his silly way'—I'm afraid I can't, Willie."

Hetty recognized the voice as that of her brother Willie, the incorrigible boy of fifteen, who was famous for harboring even a larger share of mischief in his active brain than most boys of his age.

Beatrice, the older girl, who was lounging in an easy chair by the fire, laughed lazily at Willie's imitation of the tone and manner of the unpopular doctor, and said:

"Yes, he is a silly."

"I say, Trix, what a lark it would be to send him over to old Mother Buxter's at Cranfield—a four-mile tramp, and a beastly cold night!" continued Master Will.

"You couldn't do it. He would be certain to find out who had been in, and you'd get into a nice mess, Master Will," replied Beatrice, laughing.

"Couldn't I do it?" cried Willie, excited at the prospect of an altogether novel piece of

mischief. "I could scrawl the message on a bit of paper, put it into an envelope, drop it in to his letter-box in the dark, as if one of the farm lads had left it, ring the bell, and hide. Wouldn't it be a lark? You know how Mrs. Buxter hates him—calls him a bit of a boy. Wouldn't there be a jolly row when he got over there? Oh, what a game!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Will, to think of such mean tricks!" said Hetty, who was now in the room and flushing with indignation. "How would you like to be sent off on a night like this on such a fool's errand?"

"All right, Miss Prim!" retorted Will. "I was only thinking what a lark it would be."

"I don't know how you can sit so quietly and hear him propose such a thing, Beatrice!" pursued Hetty, as she took down her book from its place.

"I don't feel the same warm interest in the doctor that you seem to feel," returned handsomely Beatrice, with a yawn.

"I saw you, Miss Prim," interposed Will, dancing wildly round the room, "coming up the road to the Vicarage, and I was waiting for you to meet your new sweetheart—which? I'll let out to the pater what you go up the church for—you see if I don't! Did he know how to kiss you, Hetty?"

"You are a silly nonsensical boy!" said Hetty, laughing in spite of herself. "I met Dr. Jackson quite by accident, and I was not talking to him more than five minutes."

"Oh, yes, that's a fine tale!" cried the incorrigible boy. "It won't do for me, you know! Won't I chaff him about it to-morrow?"

"You will look very silly if you do," replied Hetty calmly, as she retreated, knowing by experience that she had but to entreat the young rascal to do nothing of the kind to ensure his doing it, and deeming it safest to drop the subject.

"I say, Trix, it would be a lark to do that, you know!" said Willie, as soon as Hetty was safely out of hearing. Hetty would be sure to such an awful state when she heard of it—he'd be sure to tell her. I believe he's quite gone on Hetty."

"Silly boy—what do you know about such things?" returned Beatrice pettishly. "I wouldn't do that if I were you, Will," she continued indolently. "Hetty would be sure, to tell p-papa, and you'd get into awful disgrace."

"Not she! Hetty's too much of a brick to split," observed the boy. "You might."

"It's nothing to do with me," replied Beatrice, returning to her book. "I only advise you not to do it; you are sure to get into trouble."

Two hours later, just as the church clock was striking the hour of eleven, the bell of the Vicarage rang, and the clear eyed hale old vicar entered the house, shaking the snow off his great coat and soft felt hat and stamping his feet vigorously upon the hall mat.

"Oh, papa, how wet you are! I really did not know it was snowing so hard!" cried Hetty, who had come out into the hall, her work in her hand, to greet her father.

"Yes, my dear, it is coming down in earnest," replied the vicar. "I should have escaped it if I had left the Hall an hour ago, but I intended that I could not get away from Bingley. Dear me, dear me, what a rabid politician the man is!"

"Come in to the fire, papa; never mind Mr. Bingley," said Hetty, laughing. "Oh, you poor dear, you are quite frozen!" she added, as she knelt down upon the rug beside the old man's chair and felt his chilled hands.

"Soon warm them by such a fire as this!" he answered, smiling upon his favorite daughter, and bending forward to the cheerful blaze.

"Dear me, what a man Bingley is! He has all the wild ideas of traveled men. Everything in this country is wrong; every thing must be altered immediately. Ah me, the obstinacy of these young men!"

"But the squire isn't a young man, papa, surely!" queried Hetty. "Why, he must be between forty and fifty!"

"Well, Hetty, don't you call that young?" said Mr. Lovelace, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye. "Oh, yes, Bingley is quite young enough—very young, even to be very crochety, new-fangled, and obstinate! Ah, he wants a wife, I think! He's quite young enough to get married—don't you think so, my sweet?"

"I am sure I can't say, papa," replied Hetty gravely. "One thing is very certain—he's old enough."

"I expect he'll be wanting to run away with one of my treasures one of these fine days," the old man went on banteringly; "and I think I can make a pretty shrewd guess which one will be."

"Oh, don't, papa!" pleaded Hetty, blushing vividly. "I know you mean me, but how you got that idea into your head I can't imagine. I shall never be Mrs. Bingley, for the very good reason that I don't wish to be. That fate is reserved for Beatrice—if Mr. Bingley is really up to the level of Beatrice's desires."

Hetty smiled mischievously as she spoke. "Now you must not tease me!" she added. "An hour or two ago it was Willie who was doing so; he selected Dr. Jackson as the happy man destined for me."

"By the way, where are Beatrice and Willie?" asked the vicar.

"Beatrice had a headache, and has gone to bed," answered Hetty; "and Willie—I don't know where Willie is. I think he must have gone to bed also."

"Talking about that young Jackson, I should think he must be wishing himself in bed by this time," said Mr. Lovelace presently. "Poor fellow—he is a really brilliant man, I am sure, and he is very attentive to the people. No trouble seems too great for him."

"What did you mean, papa, about his wishing himself in bed?" inquired Hetty uneasily.

"Why, I met him coming along the road just now by the Farm Gate," replied the vicar. "He was well dressed, and he had a great traveling-coat, and he had a lantern with him. He told me he had been called to Mrs. Buxter's over at Cranfield. Who's ill there, I wonder? Why, what's the matter, Hetty?"

"The girl had sprung to her feet in consternation, an expression of horror and alarm on her face."

"Nothing, papa," she answered hoarsely, averting her face and striving to speak composedly. "But Dr. Jackson—Cranfield—on a night like this! Why, it's over four miles! Which way was he going?"

"Across the moor," he answered, "he would go round by the road; but he laughed and said he could find his way with his lantern. Certainly it means a difference of three miles. He would not take his horse—the wise man is merciful to his beast."

"Oh, papa, how awful if anything should happen to him!" exclaimed Hetty, hiding her face for a moment in her hands.

"Tut, tut, my love—he will be all right!" said the vicar. "These doctors are rare travelers—they need be, poor fellows, out and about in all weathers. Well, my dear, I must go and do a little more to my sermon before I go to bed. Don't you sit up for me, my pet."

The old man took his daughter in his arms and kissed her. She stood half dazed and overwhelmed by the feeling of horror and doubt stealing upon her, wondering whether she was right in hiding her suspicions from her father or whether she ought to divulge what she had heard in the library and seek his counsel; but she remembered how many scrapes mischievous Will had been in lately, and she shrank from bringing upon her father so much grief and pain as this latest mad freak of Master Will's would cause him, if, as she sorrowfully surmised, her suspicions were well founded.

She resolved to find Willie at once and learn

the truth. She heard her father's study door shut, and then she went swiftly from room to room, seeking for some trace of the lad. At last she reached his bedroom; there was a faint glimmer of light under the door, and she knocked softly and entered. He was there, leaning on a chair near the window and peering out anxiously at the fast-falling snow.

Willie turned with a nervous start as his sister entered the room, and stared at her with a look of trouble, and utterly-confused look. She saw at a glance that her fears were justified.

"Willie, have you played that cruel trick upon Dr. Jackson? Oh, tell me that you have not! Say that you have not been so wicked!" she cried, despairingly.

"I have," replied the boy, in a scared whisper. "It's no use saying I haven't, because I have. Oh, Hetty, I say, I'm awfully sorry! Do you think he's gone?"

"He has gone, and across the moor too! Papa met him on his way from the Hall half an hour ago."

They stood for a few moments gazing at each other in silence.

"What's to be done, Hetty?" asked the boy tremulously. "Do you think there's any danger about it?"

"Danger!" echoed the girl, wildly. "Oh, wicked, wicked boy, it is full of danger for him!"

"I was afraid so," whispered Willie, in great contrition. "I have been sitting here, staring at the snow, in an awful fright for the last hour. I would have gone down to him and made a clean breast of it if I had thought he would be fool enough to go. When I put the note in his box it was hardly snowing at all. Oh, Hetty, I'm real sorry! I do deserve a jolly good licking, I know. He shall give me one to-morrow if he likes, and I won't kick!"

"Suppose there is no to-morrow for him?" said Hetty, in a strained tone. "Suppose he is lost out there in the snow?"

"What is to be done, Hetty?" asked the boy. "Shall I go and look for him—now—at once?"

"You! Why, you know as little of the moor as Dr. Jackson does," she replied scornfully; "you would be lost yourself! No; I have made up my mind. I will go and take Morin."

"You, Hetty—on a night like this?" cried Willie.

"Yes," she answered dauntlessly. "I know every yard of the way, and so does Morin. I will go and find him."

"Let me come too, Hetty."

"No; what is the use? You would only be in the way; besides, you must watch here to let me in. Papa is in the study. You will see me come in at the gate if you watch carefully."

The boy tried to dissuade her, but she interrupted him.

"You must do as I tell you: I shall be quite safe with the dog. I'll take a lantern. I would not let papa know of this for worlds. It would break his heart to think that his son could do such a wicked thing. Now watch carefully, and when I return creep downstairs and let me in."

She went to her own room, where she put on a thick pair of boots and wrapped herself in a warm shawl and a waterproof. Then she crept downstairs and procured a little flask of brandy from the dining-room, lighted the lantern, and stole out at the kitchen door.

It was painfully cold, but the snow had almost ceased falling as Hetty stepped boldly on to the moor with the wise old St. Bernard at her heels. The wind had risen, and was blowing in great wild gusts, tossing the new-fallen snow higher and thicker, and building great mounds of snow-drift, rendering it at times difficult for the girl to make any headway. Still she plodded on bravely, sinking deeply into the soft snow with every fresh step, and with the fierce wind blowing boisterously around her and chilling her to the bone. The drifting snow was almost blinding, and, although the way was so familiar to her, now and then she was forced to halt and look around for some landmark before she could find her way. She knew the moor well, but the right path. She shuddered when the thought occurred to her. If she, who had traversed the moor hundreds of times, found difficulty in keeping to the track, what hope was there of the doctor, unfamiliar with the way as he was, being able to do so? If he wandered from the right path, he would be lost in the intricacies of the moor, and if to the left, there was the hideous morass, hidden now by the deep snow.

There was one slight hope which cheered her and gave her strength. It was probable that the doctor had reached Cranfield before the drift had commenced, and he would be safe in that case if it did not seem possible to her that Mrs. Buxter, even ill-disposed and shrewish as she was undoubtedly, would permit him to return through the storm.

How far she herself should proceed in the search was a question that did not once cross her mind; let one thought was to struggle on and on, looking out for the glimmer of the doctor's lantern. But no ray of light and no human being appeared in sight. The path became more and more difficult to follow, and the familiar signs and tokens of the way were now almost obliterated. Her sinking into the soft snow, and her weary, aching limbs, and her sudden thought of the danger which she was incurring in her wild attempt to prevent any harm resulting from her brother's grievous folly. She was striving to save the life which he had imperiled, but what if she should succumb before the strength of the wind and the fierceness of the way, and sink down in the snow from sheer exhaustion, to die alone, with none to see her save the great faithful dog who now walked silently at her side, his great wise eyes turned from time to time to his young mistress's face in anxious speculation, as though he could divine her thoughts and sought to inspire her with fresh hope.


The thought of her own peril added a new horror to the night, but still the girl struggled on against the chilling blast. At times she tried to raise her voice and cry aloud, but the noise of the rushing wind drowned her feeble cries, and she was left to her own thoughts, but no answering sound fell upon their listening ears.

At last they approached a huge solitary snow-covered tree, with the snow drifted high up around its monster trunk; and, as she caught sight of it, Hetty uttered a feeble exclamation of delight. At any rate, she had kept to the right path—so much the less old tree told her; and she was certainly quite half-way to Cranfield.

She paused to take breath and to look around in all directions for some trace of the doctor. Presently, to her great joy, the moon sailed out from behind some of the massive storm clouds and lighted up the white snow-clad moor. She could see for some distance around her now.

Although we have the dictum of Byron that "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart; 'Tis woman's whole existence," we hold it to be but a poor and common-place philosophy which teaches that man cannot love as truly and permanently as woman. There may be fewer instances of man's life-long devotion, but there are many to prove the fact that he is capable of deathless love. There are fewer instances, because the temptations to forget the first strong, overpowering passion of our being are more frequent with men than with women. Other passions naturally try to unseat from the heart's throne any dominant passion which tramples them beneath its feet, especially when it away has been unhappy. The busy scenes which men pass through give to those other passions—ambition, avarice, the love of fame, and many others—every opportunity of dethroning love, if love be in himself not strong and firm. Business, pleasure, danger, strife, and all the many memories attach to the struggle to efface, by

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the crossing of new lines, the impressions of early years; but the diamond can neither be scratched nor sullied, and if the heart be of a baser stone, it may and will lose the image that it bore; but if it be, like that jewel, firm and clear and pure, it will retain unchanged that which had been once engraved upon it. In truth, the heart that has been truly loved, whether it be feminine or masculine, seldom ceases to worship at the shrine of its pure, exalted devotion.—N. Y. Ledger.

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Forty Minutes Late.

"The most fearful accident that ever happens on a locomotive," echoed the engineer, looking round at me. The brave man was a member of my parish, and I was sitting at his table. After a moment's thought, he pushed back his chair, for the frugal meal was finished, and looked back at his wife. It was a curious gaze of his honest eyes, and the lady met his glances with an almost pathetic entreaty: "Do not tell it!" written on her kind face.

"She don't like to think of it," he resumed, laughing, at the same time he shook back the long hair that fell in waves over the left side of his brow, uncovering a blushing scar, and revealing that he had been dimembered of an ear. "But I am not so bad a looking fellow, after all," he said. In fact, he was singularly fine looking.

"It is one of those memories," his wife interrupted, rising, "that one fears to recall. But, thank God, it will be no more likely to occur again for the telling of it, and he may tell it while I put the boy to bed, upstairs."

"It was one of those accidents that nothing can prevent," resumed the engineer. "No foresight can guard against the hidden flaw which the best of steel sometimes hides in its own false heart. The best crank or shaft ever forged will sometimes break on a steamer or in mid-ocean. So of a connecting-rod on a pair of drivers. Now I think the thing I am going to tell you is the most terrific accident that can happen on a locomotive, because it is the worst I ever experienced. It worked the most havoc and scared me more than any other I ever went through. I cannot get over the dread of it even now, and I probably never shall. Still, another man might single out another as the worst."

My friend still runs, as he did that almost fatal day, the fastest train that speeds between two large cities. At one end of its flight, he is obliged to traverse a long tunnel. Millions of people pass through that tunnel yearly in perfect safety. But if they knew the hairbreadth escapes of the first few years, and especially during its construction, even now they might not always sit so comfortably; but the best of appliances have somewhat lessened the dangers.

"When we were ready to leave the depot at— the new general manager of the division came along down the platform with the agent, and was introduced to me. I pulled off my greasy cap, and was about to get down, when he said: 'Never mind; that he was going to run in with us. Of course, I offered him his choice of seats, as you would not, your own father; for whoever rides in the cab, he must take a stand up or the fireman's box, if the fellow is good-natured enough to offer it. A big officer, like the manager, was different, however, and I gave him anything. To tell the truth, I was relieved to know his errand was only to ride; for the first box and counted his watch. 'This concerns every day man, more or less, and it's about time the blamed practice was stopped.'"

"Traffic is heavy in October, sir," I said, trying to smile my prettiest.

"Can you drive this machine in on time?" he kind of growled at me.

"I gave him a real Yankee stare back for a moment, and then my blood was up. That was ten years ago, before I had any wife and babies. It is wife, babies, ten years and a ditch or two that takes the dare-devil out of a locomotive engineer. At first a man knows no fear, but any of the aforementioned things kind of tempts him down. He can't keep his pluck up as at first, do what he will. My wife, by the way, was expecting me to come round with the minister to be spliced a week from that very day. She had sent out some wedding cards—rather showy for humble folks to do. The wedding had to be deferred, and he tried to smile as he referred to the incident, though it was evident that the remembered tragedy was beginning to overshadow his own manly face, as it had his wife's before she left us. "Well, pastor, I just frowned on the Englishman, and said: 'If you'll choose which seat you'll take, and let my fireman get in some of his work, he'll show you what the Sagamore can do when she is mad.'"

"I will take the stoker's box," he said; that's English for 'fireman,' you know. And he climbed up, rolling a cigarette and lighting it with a funny kind of foreign machine in his hand.

"I started her easy, felt my ears all get hold. It was before the days of solid trains and couplers. We pulled ten cars. We had a run of seventy-four miles—schedule time, two hours. I was to run it in one hour and twenty minutes. There were to be three slow-ups and one dead halt at a drawer. That would give most of the miles in about sixty seconds. I often do that for a mile or two; every day train does every day. But seventy-four such miles are mighty trying on a machine, now I tell you, before you get half through; and right on to the end you don't know what minute the poor old creature may break her heart on you. I looked the Sagamore over as I took her out of the shop. I always do that with my own eyes, but if I had known what we were to try on, I'd given those connecting-rods more attention. We used to wedge them on the wheels; you have seen the steel keys! Nowadays they are fastened in the shops so the men can't wedge them too tight, every station or two. It is this new way of fastening that causes the ringing noise that you now hear as the big drive-wheels pass you. Did you never notice?"

"Well, I soon began to feel of her wind. She was not long in making that fireman's box too uneasy for my general manager. He danced like a toy man. Then he closed the window ahead. Then he shut the one at his side, and braced his legs. Then he let the windows alone, though they rattled open, and he lost his hat, which the fireman caught on the baggage-car brake; but Mr. Manager could not let go his clutch on the seat to replace his hat. The hat was all coal-dust, anyway, so it was put into the tool chest. Now we were just flying. I never took my eyes off the iron, but out of the corners of my eyes I saw how distressed he was. He undertook to holler something, but I paid no attention. The fireman shoved in the sprinklings fine; he knew exactly how. Firing is half the battle in a big run. Well, we were going so well that I was afterward told the paymaster's car, which we were pulling home, could not keep the dinner dishes on the table! No, sir! Twice, going round curves, every dish the coys had was swept on the floor. If we had had dining-cars in those days, wouldn't the soup have been spilled!"

"I should have thought your conductor might have interfered," I suggested.

"I expected he would," was the reply. "But as time went on, and our rate grew simply fearful on the passengers, I knew well enough the conductor had been scolded as well as the rest of us. No; he told me afterward that he simply sat down and said his prayers. But to go on: I saw that we had made up twenty-eight minutes, then thirty, then thirty-three—being only seven minutes behind. But there we hung. She could not increase her lead, do my best."

"I know then that we should soon begin to lose again, for she was heaving. Whether the boxes were lugging on the cars or engine I could not be sure. Then, too, it might have been the curves; at all events we were lugging and losing. We fell off I calculated some five minutes, when we struck the tunnel. It was a heavy rail and a straight track there, and I pulled her clean out for one more spurt, live or die, as we dashed into the steam and darkness of that long hole. In there you can't see anything but signals. The Sagamore answered me for just one plunge. But the next instant, crash! God help me! The whole side of the

cab was flying in splinters. I knew what that meant. I jumped from my seat in front of the fire-box. There, under my seat, was the general manager. He had been mercifully knocked in instead of out, but he was senseless. My drivers held their rod yet, but I knew the strain could not last long without snapping that rod, too, as I could not find the throttle to shut her off. It was so queer about that throttle, I turned round and round trying to find it; I kept turning to the left. I thought I had an extra eye just over my ear, and my other two eyes were blind. That new eye showed me a beautiful clear light, but not the throttle. Round and round that fearful steam hammer, the broken rod, kept crashing and tearing out the shreds of the cab on that side. Then the other one twisted, which threw old Sagamore plump into the granite wall. We were all piled up there, dark as pitch all about, and finally still. Now, the curious thing about it all is that with my new eye over my ear I actually read the time by my watch, and we were only seven minutes late. Yes, sir, we had made up thirty-three minutes in the seventy-four miles, slow-ups and stops included; and a minute more would have brought us to the station. I just yelled: "How's that, old English!" and my new eye seemed to go out in darkness."

The new eye was the result of a fearful gash on the side of the head, from the effects of which the poor man lingered on the borders of death for weeks. That postponed the wedding. The peculiar effect of that blow on the head the writer cannot explain, but the fact that he read his watch correctly is substantiated by the conductor of the train, of whom I asked information.

"Were there many injured?" I added, in the pause that followed his conclusion.

"Don't ask me—yes. Thank God, I'm alive! Now, Mollie," addressing his wife, who had just entered, "I've told that story for the last time, except in my prayers."

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Why They Married

Post cards having been sent out to married men with the inquiry, "Why did you marry?" a large number of responses came to hand, from which the following is a selection:

"That's what I have been trying for eleven years to find out."

"Married to get square with her mother, but never have."

"Because Sarah told me that five other young men had proposed to her."

"The father thought eight years' courtin' was almost long enough."

"I was tired of buying presents and going to theaters and concerts, and wanted a rest. Have saved money."

"Please don't stir me up."

"Because I thought she was one among a thousand; now I sometimes think she is a thousand among one."

"Because I did not have the experience. I have now."

"That's the same question that my friends ask me."

"Because I had more money than I knew what to do with. Now I have more to do than I have money with."

"I wanted a companion of the opposite sex. P.S.—She is still opposite."

"Because it is just my luck."

"I yearned for company. We now have it all the time."

"Have exhausted all the figures in the arithmetic to figure out an answer to your question; between multiplication and division in the family and distraction, in addition, the answer is hard to arrive at."

"I married to get the best wife in the world."

"Because I asked her if she'd have me. She said she would. She's got me."

"Because I asked her if she'd have me. She said she would. She's got me."

"Because I asked her if she'd have me. She said she would. She's got me."

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the name of the castle on its summit, and I'm afraid we haven't time for both before we reach our landing.—Puck.

Boxing
Gloves
and
Punching
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Sundries



A man's education is not complete without some art of defence.

We carry the best of goods of this class, which will be found most satisfactory.

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NASAL BALM

It is a certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.

NEVER FAILS.

CURES GOLD IN HEAD AND CATARRH

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.
Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as head-ache, partial deafness, loss of sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, sneezing, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time in securing a bottle of Nasal Balm. He wanted in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by chronic inflammation and deafness. Nasal Balm is sold by all druggists. It will be sent post paid in receipt of price (50 cents and \$1.00) by addressing FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

"A FRIEND IN NEED, IS A FRIEND INDEED,"

and to the worn and weary Dyspeptic.

MALTOPEPSYN is such a friend. It aids the weakened, needy stomach, by putting into it just what it lacks, namely, gastric juice, which aids the digestion of the food, relieves the pain or heavy feeling, and cures the constipation, which usually accompanies all stomach troubles. As you value your future health, avoid Bitters, Blood Purifiers and Purgatives. If your stomach is what is out of order, purgatives will only irritate it, and so aggravate the Dyspepsia. The disease is in the Stomach, so aid the Stomach. Endorsed by physicians. Send 2 cts. in stamps for valuable book to HAZEN MORSE, International Bridge, Ontario.



The Transformation of a Paying Teller.



Paying Teller—Good morning!—

—Why don't—

—you endorse—

—your check—

—on the—

—light end!—Puck.

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The largest and choicest stock in the city of

Fine Groceries and Table Delicacies

THERE NEVER WAS A TIME

When groceries were so adulterated and so many spurious goods sold as now, 75 per cent. of all the spices sold in Ontario are adulterated, and every article that can be tampered with is done so to an alarming extent. The reason of this is the demand from the retailers for cheap goods, in order to sell cheap.

There's a store where you can't buy adulterated and spurious goods because they don't sell them; where they keep nothing but the best imported, direct from Europe, America and this country, and sell at reasonable prices; where you can telephone or send a messenger with an order that will receive the same attention as if you came personally; where they give 16 ounces to the pound, and have neither two prices nor two names for the same article.

Families in any part of the city will be called upon twice a week for orders if required, and goods delivered same day. They also make a specialty of shipping family orders to all parts of Ontario. Send for price catalogue.

1890 CHRISTMAS 1890

Atte Ye Sygne of Ye Traveller's Bag

We have now got our Stock of CHRISTMAS GOODS delivered, and it is choicer and cheaper than ever.

Come and see what we have to sell. It is time pleasantly and profitably spent.

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Reliable

I have four flats, 26 x 100, well stocked with Bed-room Suites, Dining-room Suites, Parlor Suites, Hall Racks, Tables, Book Cases, etc., etc.

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Fancy Furniture imported from Germany, England, France, United States, etc., in great variety at lowest possible price. It will be a pleasure to see them.

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Showing no Trouble

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 106 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Stomach

Troubles are caused by improper diet, hasty eating and drinking, late suppers, the excessive use of stimulants, and a moribund condition of the blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the most efficacious remedy for all such disorders. **I am convinced that the worst cases of Dyspepsia

Can be

cured by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I suffered greatly from this complaint for years, and never took any medicine that did me any good until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took four bottles of this preparation last spring, and my appetite, health, and strength were completely restored.—Richard M. Norton, Danbury, Conn.

My wife was long subject to severe Headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. After trying various remedies, without relief, she used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was speedily cured.—S. Page, 21 Austin St., Lowell, Mass.

As a remedy for Debility, Faintness, Loss of Appetite, and Indigestion, I took one bottle of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

sarsaparilla, and was cured.—H. Mansfield, Chelmsford, Mass.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Troubles

Never come alone. If the Liver, Kidneys, or Bowels are disordered, other parts of the body become affected. Ayer's Sarsaparilla restores the vigor required for the healthy action of these organs more speedily than any other medicine.

Cured

me of Kidney Disease, when all other medicines failed. It is the most reliable and best remedy for this complaint known to me.—Ell Dadd, Xenia, Ill.

I was afflicted with a severe bowel difficulty; my vitality seemed to be rapidly diminishing, my appetite failed, my tongue was badly coated, and my strength was gone. In this enfeebled condition I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I had not taken many doses before I noticed a decided change for the better. My appetite and strength returned, and my whole system manifested renewed vigor.—E. B. Simonds, Glover, Vt.

I have used Ayer's Medicines in my family with satisfaction, for years, and always have a bottle of Ayer's Sar-

in the house: it is so good for the blood.—Mrs. E. Thruveng, Perth Amboy, N. J.

Sold by Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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Two Toronto Problems.

The time was in the history of this community when it made little difference to the ordinary citizen whether water was pumped from the lake or not. The well at the back door and the cistern under the kitchen met all his needs.

When water was first pumped for the city's supply as good a quality as we now supply with was obtained in the bay, a few hundred yards from the shore.

Conditions have grown upon us rapidly that have rendered these means of meeting our demands for water no longer available. Population has become so dense that the well is permanently impure, and the water of the bay, that was used safely twelve to fifteen years ago, can no longer be so used because of its ever increasing impurity.

How long will it be before the causes, ever increasing in volume, which destroyed the well and bay supply shall encroach upon the shore waters of the lake in the neighborhood of our present intake, if, indeed, the contamination has not already commenced.

We find ourselves in the presence of two difficult problems that hang, and must continue to hang, on each other, namely, water and sewage.

Experts have been puzzling their brains in trying to solve the unsolvable problem of how to pour our sewage into the source of our water supply without deteriorating the quality of the water.

Every plan they have yet advanced has placed the disposal of the sewage at points far more dangerous to the water intake than where we are now putting it, and it is impossible to dispose of our sewage in the natural way of outflow without to a greater or less extent contaminating our water supply.

There is an alternative scheme, the adoption of which will settle in a sensible and practical way for all time, not only the water question but the sewage problem.

The common-sense and natural solution of this now hackneyed and vexed question to Toronto's citizens of water supply and sewage disposal is the simple word "gravitation."

Our opportunities to take advantage of a natural supply of water are unsurpassed by any community on this wide earth. We have a grand natural reservoir in Lake Simcoe with its area of upwards of 400 square miles and a drainage basin of more than 4,000 square miles, which assures us of quantity almost unlimited and a quality, to say the least, equal to any inland fresh-water lake in the world.

This body of fresh water is almost absolutely free from animal pollution, and in the future we may safely assume that in this respect we need not be apprehensive, as the population is not likely to increase largely within the water shed of this lake. Impurity arising from vegetable decay is no more dangerous in Lake Simcoe than the dangers arising from the same cause contiguous to our present supply.

What can we get water from Lake Simcoe for? The Mayor's experts say upon the most flimsy data, \$7,711,000. But practical men nearer home whose opinion on a matter of this kind is much more reliable (than that of strangers who went up to the ridges and looked over upon Lake Simcoe) say \$5,000,000, and are prepared to back up that opinion by undertaking the work.

By continuing our present system much longer we will have thrown more than the \$5,000,000 needed for this work into the lake and be forced by the changing of circumstances and the climax of events we have failed to safely control, to look in another direction for our water supply.

We have in sight now, means that may be used towards securing to Toronto for all time to come a common-sense water supply. First, a trunk sewer system will be unnecessary with a gravitation water supply—said system estimated by the engineer to cost \$2,000,000. Second, it cost the city this year to pump a meagre supply of not very good water \$80,000. Capitalized, this is equal to another \$2,000,000. Third, it is proposed by the administration to duplicate the pumping plant, and in a few years more a further increase must be made. Coal will not be cheaper and we may safely say that it will cost another \$80,000 a year to utilize the new plant, equal to \$2,000,000 more if capitalized.

We have, then, in sight and available for a gravitation water supply the following sums:

Trunk sewers not needed	\$2,000,000
Present cost of pumping	2,000,000
Prospective cost of pumping (new plant)	2,000,000
	\$6,000,000

They may go along on present lines, spend their money as proposed, and it needs no prophet, or the son of a prophet, to say that the last state of this city, in respect to water supply and sewage, will be worse than its first.

On the other hand, let this money be withdrawn from its present objects and applied towards bringing water from Lake Simcoe, and two of the most perplexing question to all large cities, namely, water and sewage, are settled for Toronto finally.

There is another almost paramount advantage to the ones referred to that must strike the mind of the thoughtful citizen at a glance, and it is the development of power.

We are now in a transition state in respect to the application of power for many uses. We do know that we can light our streets and

houses and run our street cars by electricity, and in a gravitation water supply we can find the motive power to generate an almost unlimited store of electricity.

Say that at the last fall of thirty or forty feet it would be necessary to make outside the city, a power house should be erected, supplied with the most powerful close Turbine wheels, all the necessary power to light the city and run our street cars could be generated, and the water after it had done this public service would be improved for all potable purposes by having been thus thoroughly aerated.

W. A. Y.

Music.

A young Hungarian pianist, Paul de Janko, has invented a new key-board for the piano which bids fair to revolutionize the technique of that instrument. M. de Janko's invention has been before the German public for some time, and has met with so much success that a conservatory is now in full operation in Vienna to teach the new fingering and style. In the meantime M. de Janko has come to America and is showing New Yorkers what a wonderful deal may be accomplished. Described in brief his invention is a triple keyboard, slightly inclined towards the performer, the keys being narrower than in the old clavichord. This gives three places, at pleasure, nearer or further from the front of the piano, where the same note may be struck. The three keys are attached to the same lever. By this arrangement the hand is always in a natural position, the thumb falling lower than the longer fingers. The width of an octave is so reduced that an ordinary hand can span ten or twelve keys without any difficulty. The hands can cross each other easily, or one can take the upper and the other the lower keyboard. The black keys are marked by a black stripe on a white ground and are on the same plane as the white ones. Now mark the one great result of this: All scales are fingered exactly alike, the relative position of their keys being the same, no matter what the starting point is. Extended chords can be struck simultaneously, instead of in arpeggio style. The possible results of this invention are hardly to be estimated as yet. Just as Wagner's influence depreciated the value of the old Italian operas, so may the Janko keyboard, with the greater richness and fullness of detail that it makes possible for the composer, make us feel that many of our present objects of artistic worship are hollow and poor. Those who have examined it predict a complete change in both piano technique and piano composition through its introduction.

The other evening I dropped into the Academy of Music to have a look at the Clemenceau Case, and found my attention attracted much more by the music in the orchestra than by the stupid and fakey play. Mr. B. L. Faeder has certainly shown us what may be done by even a small orchestra, if it is properly and thoughtfully directed. He has secured a delightfully mellow tone, rich and full, and his people play with taste and spirit. This result is most creditable to Mr. Faeder, and most agreeable to the audiences who have patiently borne the tortures they have had forced upon them at the theatres, whose orchestras have become a bye word for cacophony.

Cannot something be done to cure the tardy ones of their bad habits. Every concert and every theatrical performance is marred by the practice of these inconsiderate ones who persist in being late. And they are always the same people. Here are forty or fifty people who attend most entertainments that are given, and they are invariably late to the discomfort of all around them, to the distraction of the performers, and to their own discredit. The remedy is a simple one, and is already applied at some of the concerts given here. Keep them out until the number being performed is finished. At the theatres close the doors until the close of the act. It is not likely that this remedy will be applied in the latter case, but any manager who holds to this rule for one week will find it easy to keep his audiences in line afterwards. It is as possible to be in time for an entertainment as it is to catch a train. Then why not do it? Now that our season is fairly begun will be a good time for committees and managers to show their backbone, and insist upon performances going on undisturbed by tardy visitors.

On Monday evening Mr. W. O. Forsyth gave a very interesting piano recital in the Music Hall of the Toronto College of Music. Mr. Forsyth played a number of selection from the shorter compositions of Schumann, Liszt, Raff, Henselt, Joffe and Rutherford. To these Mr. Forsyth added a very clever composition of his own, Song of the South Wind. He showed a capable technique and an artistic sympathy with the classical school, adapted to what may be called the department of occasional pieces. Miss Mary Hewitt Smart sang two songs by Shelley and Lynes with concert taste and in good style. Mr. August Andersen gave a fine rendering of Spohr's barcarolle. Mrs. H. M. Blight played the accompaniments very effectively.

A number of musical events which occur too late for notice in this issue will be reviewed next week.

The interest shown by the pupils and their friends in Saturday afternoon recitals given by students of the Conservatory this year is exceedingly well maintained. Saturday afternoon last the lecture room of Association Hall was completely filled, while the various performers gave a very good account of themselves. The executives on the piano were Miss Bella Geddes, Miss Edith Meyers, Miss Mamie Hogg, Miss Kathleen Stayner, and Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, A.T.C.M., while vocal numbers were given by Miss Mary O'Regan and Mr. W. C. Palmer.

The Toronto Vocal Society is determined to allow no grass to grow under its feet. In addition to its regular concert, which takes place on January 22, at which Miss Adele Aus der Ohe, the celebrated pianist, will assist, the society will give a special concert, in acknowledgement of the services of its west end con-

tingent, in the flowery suburb on the 29th of the same month, under the direction of Mr. W. Edgar Buck. Adequate arrangements have been made to secure efficient soloists.

Another proof that the cause of good music, as I have said before, is not by any means languishing in the Province of Ontario, not to speak of Toronto alone, is offered by the fact that the choir of Norfolk street Methodist church in Guelph performed Gaul's cantata, The Holy City, on November 25, with a chorus of fifty-two voices, under the direction of Mr. Charles Crowe, choirmaster of the church. The local papers speak most highly of the performance of the choir and soloists, all of whom were local performers. Mr. A. S. Vogt of this city played several organ solos in his usual correct style.

METRONOME.

The Drama.



HIS week we have had in juxtaposition two plays produced here for the first time, which illustrate well the extremes of modern dramatic composition. Perhaps no better sample of what is sometimes termed the idealistic school of writing could be pointed out than The Charity Ball. It is pre-eminently an idyll of home life. On the other hand, it is scarcely fair to hold up The Clemenceau Case as an extra specimen of the opposing school. The Charity Ball is a drama of contemporary life in New York city. Its authors, De Mille and Belasco, have selected their material from their immediate environment. They have not gone into the highways and byways, to the dens of vice and the haunts of the unfortunate. They have not obtained effectiveness by contrasting the arrogance of wealth and power with the abjectness of poverty and despair. They have taken their characters from the ranks of opulence—from the bench, from Wall street, from the clerical profession, and from the gay walks of fashion. They have taken the life of homes where white-winged peace is commonly supposed to spread its restful and guarding plumage, and out of these placid scenes they have shown us the passions, ambitions and weaknesses of men and women, guided and controlled by the precepts of religion, law and the influence of society. They have made the delicate fabric of their play depend on mental phenomena rather than physical demonstrativeness. They have punished wrong with the vengeance of charity. They have shown the nobility of a will that controls emotion and action. They have made a play that is vigorous without being turbulent, that thrills without being criminal, that is artistic without being improbable, that teaches without being didactic, and that is moral without being mawkish.

John and Dick Van Buren are brothers. John is rector of a fashionable New York church while Dick is a Wall street broker. Dick had previously won the affections of Phyllis Lee but does not wish to marry her. To further his business interests he wishes to espouse Ann Kruger, the daughter of the king of Wall street. While he is absent in Europe Phyllis Lee's father dies and leaves Phyllis in charge of John Van Buren, who falls in love with her. Ann Kruger is also in love with John Van Buren and it is out of this complication that the difficulties of the play arise. John Van Buren, not knowing Ann Kruger's love for him, tells her as a friend of his love for Phyllis Lee. At this she is greatly grieved and her first thought is of humiliating her rival. At the Charity Ball she learns of the intimacy between Dick Van Buren and Phyllis. Her first impulse is to cast Phyllis off, but on seeing how she is treated by Dick, Ann's better nature gains the ascendancy and she determines to protect her and take her home. Immediately on getting home Phyllis steals away from Ann and goes off to confide her troubles to John Van Buren. She finds him sitting up alone in his study, but before she can tell him her story Ann Kruger appears on the scene and prevents her from giving the name of her betrayer. After a very affecting scene the truth forces itself on John. Shortly after he hears his brother's voice without, talking to his blind mother. Ann and Phyllis retire and a stormy scene ensues between the brothers. As their hands are raised to strike, their mother enters. Dick at first flatly refuses to marry Phyllis, but by appealing to the nobler side of his nature, he is brought at length to relent and the marriage is solemnized on the spot. This is the climax of the play. The fourth act merely indicates the arrangement of subsequent events. It tells how Dick Van Buren died shortly after his marriage, and how John discovered that Ann Kruger was the woman he really loved. It is sufficiently absorbing and bright to hold the interest right to the end. To this main plot there are several tributary plots which give the play almost a comedy flavor. These deal with the adventures of Judge Peter Gurney Knox in his efforts to capture the affections of Mrs. Camilla de Peyser, a charming widow, and the courtship of young Alex. Robinson, a Wall street cub, and Bess Van Buren. These are all made bright and sparkling characters and work into the main plot in the most harmonious manner. The blind mother is also a character used with excellent effect.

A very good company presented the Charity Ball at the Grand this week. Mr. Boyd Putnam took the part of the rector with considerable success, although he looked rather like a sporting parson. Henry Herman was very effective as Dick Van Buren. Mr. Thomas H. Burns made a decided success out of the part of Judge Knox and with his partner Miss Ethel Graybrooke, as Mrs. de Peyser, kept the fun at concert pitch. Walter Thomas and Bessie Tyree were pleasing in the juvenile parts. Ruth Carpenter made a graceful and pleasing Ann Kruger, though her emotional work was not always as expressive as it might have been.

Miss Frances Gaunt played the part of Phyllis Lee with a fair degree of force and expression. These young ladies, though painstaking in their work, seem scarcely capable of doing justice to such roles as they have undertaken. The Duff Opera Company are completing the week at the Grand.

L'Afrique Clemenceau, the most vicious of all the productions of the French drama seen here, was tried on the people of Toronto this week. Judging from the audience I saw at the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening, the success which it failed to obtain elsewhere was not accorded it here. Nor was this a wonder to anyone who witnessed the performance. The name of Alexander Dumas is a famous name. Anyone who has read his book from which this play was made will understand, to a certain extent at least, why it is so. To the motif of his work, to the choice of his characters, exception may be taken, but the intelligent reader cannot but perceive in them the virile hand of a great artist, versed in the varying mental phases of weak and fallible humanity. If one had not seen or heard of this book it would be a difficult matter to believe that one of the greatest literary men of the French had anything to do with the Clemenceau Case. As I saw it presented the other night it seemed so weakly bad and so badly weak that it seemed to create a universal depression of spirits. There was hardly even a passion torn to shreds over which one could wax enthusiastic. When vice is violent, when it pants and shudders and rages and utters oaths, half its loathsomeness is lost in its tumult. But when it is placid, when it sneaks and crawls and lies and smiles, its nakedness is utterly revolting. Such is the viciousness of the Clemenceau Case.

I do not purpose here to add any ideas of mine to the much discussed question as to the superiority or otherwise of the realistic over the idealistic schools of fiction and drama. Dumas' work is a notable specimen of the modern French production. Following the tenets of his school he has not made this story point a moral. Virtue, so far from triumphing in the struggle with vice, has here scarcely a subsidiary place. It is barely suggested. The heroine is a false-hearted wanton; the hero a weak-willed and irresolute man. Excepting one or two, the other characters are on a par with these, and the incident throughout is a string of transparent duplicity and shallow intrigue. In his book the novelist has made of this wretchedness a work of art. So much cannot be said for the adapter. The adapter is not, however, responsible for all the poverty of this performance. The company presenting the play is spiritless and untrained. A stage manager and some vigorous rehearsing are badly needed. Probably the most perfect thing about the performance is Miss Estelle Clayton's figure. I presume that whoever selected her for the leading part had this feature paramount in his mind, for her histrionic accomplishments are decidedly negative. But the great drawing attraction of this play, let it be said, is the studio scene where she poses nude for her artist husband. For this reason, therefore, one can readily understand that she who wears the skin-tight garments of the model, should properly be endowed with a shapely figure. In this particular Miss Clayton is all that can be desired, and whether in lights or in enveloping draperies is, in appearance, the most successful part of the performance. This play is profiting now by the sensational advertising it has received, but in the best of circumstances, it would be what it is—a most unhealthy work. The Clemenceau Case, as a play, must soon die—a fate which it well deserves—for, as a friend remarked, "It has neither wit, wisdom nor wickedness."

Bartley Campbell's powerful melodrama, Siberia, is having its annual presentation this week at Jacobs & Sparrow's. Though it is getting as familiar to playgoers here as the Island it still continues to draw. The heads of the company presenting Siberia this week are Mr. Maurice Drew and Mrs. Charles E. Gotthold.

Miss Rhea's favorite flower is the violet and she always has a bunch of them in her dressing-room. In the theater, whenever the fragrant flowers can be obtained. "Don't think me a revolutionist, though," said the handsome actress to a young lady reporter, who had gone behind the scenes a few evenings ago to interview her, and who had stopped to admire a large bunch of violets that were standing in a basin of water. When asked for an explanation of this apparently irrelevant disclaimer the actress answered by a question: "Do you not know," said she, "that the Emperor Napoleon was toasted among the soldiers, and elsewhere for that matter, under the sobriquet of Corporal Violet, and that that early flower, or a riband of its color, was the symbol of rebellion, and was worn openly in the sight of the unsuspecting Bourbons?" Miss Rhea opens a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House on December 15.

His Little Way.

Some time ago a captain, who had been on a long voyage, brought home a parrot. The parrot, who had been with him, had learned some of the sayings of the sailors. One evening the captain invited a friend to supper, and began talking about where he had been, to which the parrot replied, "That's a lie."

The captain was rather cross at this, so he covered the cage over. He still kept on with the conversation and the parrot again replied "That's a lie."

This so enraged the captain, that he seized a jug of water and threw it over the parrot, and the parrot screamed out: "All hands on deck, another thunderstorm!"

His Latest Lie.

Mrs. Potts—What time was it when you got home last night?

Mr. Potts—Really, I don't know, my dear. I was so absorbed by getting in late that I could not look the clock in the face.

A Spot on the Sun.

"I say, old chap, you and I are deuced good friends, and our friendship would be most satisfying were it not for one thing."

"And what may that be, you chronic grumbler?"

"Why, we borrow from each other so persistently that we can never raise a cent between us."—Judge.

A Reproach.



HE room is ablaze with countless lights. The faces catch the glow; Like the song of hidden water sprites Therhythmic waltz strains flow. And I am one of a dozen men Who bow before your throne. Ah, Rosalie, I remember when I was the only one.

Last summer I was the only one Who waited for your smile— When we rowed about the lake alone,

And tramped for many a mile. Then there were dozens of girls around As fair as they could be, Yet in my eyes you were always found The only one to me.

Now, when I ask for a single dance You hand to me your card— Ah, sweet indeed is that smile and glance, But Fate is very hard; For every dance on your card is gone— There's not an empty line, And a certain "F" has five alone— What! Are those dances mine?

—Munsey's Weekly.

Two Debutantes.

For Saturday Night.

Miss Angelina Upton was her name, Helms of Upton Court and countless hoards. With golden trumpets sounding loud her fame, She makes her first appearance on the boards.

Brilliant the opera house, with jewels, and light, And occupied each seat—success seems sure, No untipped critics there her hopes to blight, Her dresses dance. Her acting—"rather poor."

Another debutante, named Effie Reape. No flashing gems or marvellous gowns by Worth. Her dress, so tell the truth, was rather cheap: Her acting—ah! No modiste gave that birth.

But dimly lighted was the tiny hall, And few in number were the tickets sold. Unlike Miss Upton—known to one and all— The one has genius, but the other—gold. Ten years gone by. The opera house again, Full packed the boxes, galleries and floor, While laggards, seeking entrance all in vain, Are turned away in hundreds from the door.

Miss Reape, as Rosalind, they flock to see, And—greatest marvel—on the self-same stage, Where ten years back she made her grand debut, Miss Angel Upton takes the part of page!

UNCLE ARLEN.

Despair.

For Saturday Night.

Red darkness sinks the day to troubled rest, The moaning waves dash out the trembling light, And not a star of hope is left agleam Upon the threshold of my deepening night.

The winds of Autumn chill and wild wailing, Through winding vale and o'er the naked hill, Like longing spirits through the wide world flitting, Searching vainly for the old love still.

Treat love that passed with day from me forever, And now lies dead 'mid Autumn's shivering leaves, The yawning earth now safely holds my treasure, And gaunt despair her coil around me weaves.

A. LEAVENWORTH.

To the Sunset Breeze.

Ah, whispering something again, "museen, Where late this heated day thou enterest at my window, door,

Thou, laying, tempering all, cool-breathing, gently vitalizing Me, old, alone, sick, weak down, melted-down with sweat; Thou, nestling, folding close and firm, yet soft, companion better than talk, book, art.

(Thou hast, O Nature! elements) utterance to my heart beyond the rest—and this is of them.) So sweet thy primitive taste to breathe within—thy soothing fingers on my face and hands,

Thou, messenger-magical strange bringer to body and spirit of me, (Distances balk'd—occult medicines penetrating me from head to foot.)

I feel the sky, the prairies vast—I feel the mighty northern lakes. I feel the ocean and the forest—somehow I feel the globe itself swift-swimming in space;

Thou blown from lips so loved, now gone—happily from endless store, God-went, (For thou art spiritual, Godly, most of all known to my sense.)

Minister to speak to me, here and now, what word has never told, and cannot tell, Art thou not universal concrete's distillation? Law's, all Astronomy's last refinement?

Hast thou no soul? Can I not know, identify thee? WALT WHITMAN, in Lippincott's Magazine.

That's Different.

That is a touching poem, Now several cycles old, About the hairs of silver That mingle with the gold.

But yet for royal splendor, For wild barbaric strength, For richness and for fulness, For height and depth and length,

It can't with Mrs. Gray's remark An instant brief compass When on her husband's silver head She found a golden hair.

Johnny.

Johnny's hair is just like silk, Johnny's eyes are brown; Johnny's skin is just like milk, Johnny's lip hangs down,

Johnny in the corner stands, Johnny bites his thumb; Johnny doubles up his hands— Johnny's miff.

Johnny's looks are very black, Johnny's blood is hot; Johnny waves his breakfast back. Johnny eat? Guess not! Johnny's heart goes pit-a-pat, Johnny's nose is red; Johnny does not care for that— Johnny's miff.

Johnny's only three years old— Johnny's rather young; Johnny showed to-day, I'm told, Johnny's little tongue. Johnny cries (don't Johnny blame!)— Johnny's human quips; Johnny's brand-new sister name— Here last night.

JOHN E. MCCABE.

Noted People.

Rev. Dr. Stiffer of Detroit confesses to having read *Paradise Lost* twenty-one times.

Lord Lytton-Owen Meredith—author of *Lucille*, has written a novel in French which is said to be his best work.

Stella Louise Hook wrote *Little People* before she was twenty. She is a granddaughter of the late astronomer, Gen. O. M. Mitchell.

John Habberton, who wrote *Helen's Babies*, is very fond of the sea and looks somewhat like a sailor, with his bronzed face, shaggy hair, and loose shirt collar.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward wrote *Burglar's Paradise*, after a robbery had left her father \$5,000 poorer. She exposes in it the deceptions practiced by the detectives.

Helene Hunt's grave, on Cheyenne Mountain in now marked by a heap of stones, every visitor to it casting two stones upon it in accordance with the wish of the woman poet.

English papers say that the funeral of Mrs. Booth was attended by a larger number than would have gathered for any other woman but the Queen of England. Crowds came from the Continent as well as from all parts of Great Britain, showing the hold Mrs. Booth had.

The widow of President James K. Polk recently observed her eighty-seventh birthday at her home on the Polk estate, near Nashville, Tenn. Once a year the members of the State Legislature call on her, and she receives them with the dignity and courtesy due from an ex-mistress of the White House.

The American composer and pianist, Mr. Jerome Hopkins, has been giving illustrative lectures in Edinburgh with success. He has had the advantage of being patronized by the Lord Provost, the ex-Lord Provost, Professor Blackie, LL.D., Baillie Walcott, and other persons of local social distinction.

Munkacsy, the Hungarian painter, lost his summer vacation for a rather peculiar reason. He had been commissioned to paint the ceiling for the museum at Vienna, which, on being placed in position, was found to be too small by three or four feet, and Munkacsy was forced to repair to his studio and make the work satisfactory.

The caustic Alphonse Karr, who died recently, on one occasion published a few satirical verses upon a certain poetess, who, in revenge, watched for him in the street, and stabbed him with a poniard; the wound luckily was not dangerous, and the only revenge the satirist took was to suspend the dagger in his study, with the following inscription attached: "Presented by Madame—to Alphonse Karr—in the back."

The Duke of Cambridge is probably the earliest riser amongst all his royal relatives. He keeps good hours, only being present at dinner-parties given by his most intimate friends, and this has much to do with it. On the occasion of a big review, however early the hour may be, His Royal Highness is seldom known to sleep in the neighborhood of the field of battle. At an early hour—five or six o'clock—a cab will be in waiting at his house in Park Lane to drive him to Waterloo for Aldershot.

Recently Professor Virchow had brought to his notice a man who may probably boast of the possession of one of the longest beards in the world. This remarkable beard measured from the chin was slightly under five feet in length, and was of remarkable thickness. Prof. Virchow examined some of the longest hairs and found that they were each split at the end. This goes to contradict the general idea that when hair splits at the end it is a sign of coming baldness.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe and the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, vicar of Crothwaite, North Britain, have erected a monument on "the mighty Helvellyn" to the memory of Charles Gough, the brilliant and beloved young man who was killed there while mountaineering in 1805, and equally to the memory of the devoted terrier who watched alone by her dead master's body for three months, the story of whose vigil is so tenderly told in Sir Walter Scott's *I Climbed the Dark Brow*, and in Wordsworth's *Fidelius*.

John Jacob Armstrong Astor, the four-year-old son of William Waldorf Astor, has had his name changed to John Jacob Astor. The order for the change was granted by the Court of Common Pleas, upon the petition of Charles A. Peabody, who is described as the child's next friend. This change is to go into effect at once. It is made with the consent of both the little heir's parents. All of the family desired the change, because the revised name is the same as that of the child's great-grandfather, and his interests will be promoted by the change.

The Queen, who is very fond of all young folks, not infrequently invites the children of her favorite ladies to luncheon with her. A little girl, who had been honored with a summons to Windsor, was instructed beforehand by her mother to behave prettily at table, and above all things not to eat with her fingers as was sometimes her habit at home. The child was careful to observe all her instructions, but on seeing the Queen take up a little chicken bone with her fingers, she quite forgot her manners, and exclaimed with glee, "Oh! you Piggy-wiggy! Piggy-wiggy!"

The Prince of Wales is not the only one of his mother's children who knows how to assert himself. The Princess Frederick is ordinarily the most affable and unaffected of royals, yet nobody understands better how to give dignified rebuke when occasion requires it. Some ten years ago, when, as Crown Princess, she was spending the winter at Peld, on the Riviera, with her three daughters, they were in the habit of making excursions in the neighborhood almost daily, traveling by train and taking their places among the other passengers in any carriage where they found places. On one of these occasions, a Frenchman who happened to find himself in the same compartment with them, being ignorant—or affecting ignorance—of the rank of his fellow traveler, was proceeding to light a cigar (in accordance with the universal custom of smoking on that line); but before doing so, he turned to the Princess and politely inquired, "Does madame object to the smell of smoke?" "I do not know the smell, sir. Nobody has ever presumed to smoke in my presence," was the crushing reply.

The Culture of Character.



IT IS natural that men should admire genius. It is so mysterious in its essence, so inexplicable in its methods, and occasionally so magical in its results, that it captivates the imagination and so bewilders judgment that we are inclined to overestimate its value. Young men especially are apt to fall into the error of supposing that the world is governed by intellect. In reality, the masters and leaders of men have usually been superior to their fellows in the sturdier traits of manhood rather than in pure intellect. If two men live and work together, it is almost certain that one of them will sooner or later come to exercise a dominant influence over the other; but in such a case it very often happens that the subjugated mind is brighter and better stored with learning than the conquering mind. The explanation is that the world leans on character. Steadfastness, calm, self-control, courage, are qualities which, though they may not dazzle the eyes of men, will always attract confidence and secure a following. They are qualities that enable their possessor to make a fortune or achieve a great career. Business men, for instance, understand very well that it is what one saves rather than what one makes that assures wealth. But who is it that saves money? It is he who is strong enough to sacrifice the present to the future, who has the fortitude to endure a self-imposed privation and the manhood to resist temptation. Character does the work. It is so in every field. Everywhere victory begins at home, and self-denial and self-conquest precede and prepare the way for triumph over the world. If one loves to read, if his quick and sympathetic mind is interested in many things, the danger is that he will fall into a habit of miscellaneous and indiscriminate reading, fatal to thoroughness in any one department. He who would master a profession or a science must begin by giving up a great deal that he would like to know. He must say, "This thing I will know, and, therefore, that thing I cannot know." Self-denial and persistence are here again the secrets of success; but those traits are of the very fibre of education. The sober faculty of judgment is certainly of the utmost value in the practical affairs of life; but it is a faculty which is made up as much of character as of intellect. Men, as a rule, are too much inclined to overlook the reaction of character upon intellect. The safe man is he who walks in the path of duty, the strong man is he who clothes himself with the strength of principle. The greatest characters have an affinity for right and truth. They succeed because they depend upon something stronger than any mere device of the intellect or any expedient suggested by the exigencies of a moment. They may suffer temporary defeat; but they follow the guiding light of principle with a faith which is wisdom. There is always more or less sophistry in temptations to self-indulgence; and the brighter the intellect the more ingeniously will it plead the cause of error. What we call the faculty of judgment is at its best simply a clear vision of the eternal verities which persist through all history and finally crush all opposition because they are fundamental and fixed necessities. Character is a source of inspiration. When John Stuart Mill was some fourteen years of age he visited France for the first time and spent a year in that country. He was already a scholar of considerable learning, and his experience in a foreign land was probably more valuable to him than it would have been to a less precocious youth. He says in his autobiography: "But the greatest, perhaps, of the many advantages which I owed to this episode in my education was that of having breathed for a whole year the free and genial atmosphere of continental life. This advantage was not the less real, though I could not estimate, nor even consciously feel it. Having so little experience of English life, and the few people I knew being mostly such as had public objects, of a large and personally disinterested kind, at heart, I was ignorant of the low moral tone of what, in England, is called society; the habit of, not indeed professing, but taking for granted in every mode of implication, that conduct is, of course, always directed toward low and petty objects; the absence of high feeling which manifests itself by sneering depreciation of all demonstrations of them, and by general abstinence (except among a few of the stricter religionists) from professing high principles of action at all, except in those pre-ordained cases in which such profession is put on as part of the costume and the formalities of the occasion. . . . Neither could I then appreciate the general culture of the understanding, which results from the habitual exercise of the feelings, and is thus carried down into the most uneducated classes of several countries on the Continent, in a degree not equalled in England among the so-called educated, except where an unusual tenderness of conscience leads to a habitual exercise of the intellect on questions of right and wrong." We quote this passage not to endorse an Englishman's strictures upon English society, but to show how, in the opinion of a great student, character and intellectual culture are reciprocally related. The love of beauty, of honor and duty, and the sentiment of philanthropy, stimulate the intellect and supply it with noble ends.—*Providence Journal*.

Varsity Chat.

Last Saturday evening the ladies and gentlemen of the first year, freshmen as they are familiarly called, held a social gathering in the Y. M. C. A. hall. Mr. J. H. Brown, President of the Class Society, acted as director-in-chief, and a most cordial time was spent. Every person present was charmed by the events of the evening, especially Orator Reeve's eloquence.

Mr. W. H. Metcalf, B.A., an old Varsity student has received a major fellowship in Clark University, Worcester, Mass. Varsity has two other sons in the same university, Mr. A. F. Chamberlain, M.A., and Mr. A. T. DeLury,

B.A., received fellowships there a few months ago.

Our Glee Club is in a most flourishing condition, and the boys cannot attend all the concerts to which they receive invitations. There are sometimes greater reasons than lack of time for refusal. If the allurement is captivating enough our musicians will not take the trouble to frame an excuse. Their singing during the past few days has shown a marked improvement. The fact that the club is to sing at the Ladies' College, Hamilton, next Friday night may have much to do with the deep interest now taken in the practices. There is nothing that so charms a student as a ladies' college. In the shadow of such institutions he can sing sweet serenades at all times.

Prof. Wueiker of Leipzig has sent through Mr. G. H. Needler, B.A., Ph.D., one of our graduates, a number of books to the library. The names of the greatest men of the age will be associated with our library.

At the public debate last Friday night Messrs. J. M. Godfrey and J. A. Cooper advocated in behalf of Imperial Federation, and Messrs. R. H. Knox and J. A. McLean argued against the scheme. Prof. Ashley, M.A., as chairman of the meeting, held that the force of argument was on the side of the affirmative, and decided the debate accordingly. A most pleasing feature of the meeting was the presentation of prizes to the members of "K" company, Q. O. R., who had won honors at the annual rifle match in November. The prizes were presented by Mrs. Edward Blake. The boys, by their chivalrous bearing, won applause from the audience. "K" company was always popular, and deserves to be so.

Dr. P. H. Bryce of the Provincial Board of Health, read a paper on Tuesday before the Engineering Society in the School of Practical Science on Underground Waters as a Source of Public Supply.

On Friday night of last week the students of the School of Practical Science and their friends banqueted at Webb's.

Messrs. W. Dale, M.A., J. Squair, M.A., W. H. Vandermissen, M.A., and W. H. Fraser, M.A., lecturers in the University have petitioned the senate and the Ontario Government to have the departments of Latin, French, German, Italian and Spanish represented in the councils of University College and the Varsity. The easiest way to do this is to appoint these gentlemen professors. The students are ready to congratulate them whenever they can be addressed as such.

Prof. J. H. Richardson, M.D., Mr. J. Stalker, Mr. L. Q. Fiset, Dr. A. C. Lawson, Mr. C. C. McCaul, Dr. McLennan of Trenton, Mr. Campbell, and Dr. Ganier of Lucknow, all Canadians, have sent donations of specimens to the biological museum.

DRAX ALEEN.

The Servant Question.

About this time, the mistress of the house ties her bonnet-strings firmly, and, taking a long strip of paper upon which advertisements are pasted of cooks, second girls, kitchen-maids, butlers, parlor-maids, laundresses, and other household blessings, sallies forth with the determination that this year she is going to get what she wants, and not put up with make-shifts. At the head of the list is: "A cook (Protestant), thoroughly accustomed to cooking in the best families—honest, temperate, economical, and neat—not afraid of work and fond of children, would like a situation in a private family. Apply at 1892 Intelligence avenue." Starting early, in order that the hundreds of other women on this rampage for household blessings may not head her off, my lady finds, with some difficulty, the number advertised. As the door opens she is met, not by the white-aproned, smiling, neat cook she had pictured in her thoughts, but a room full of young women, representing various nations, who present, in all the array of their summer Sunday finery, the appearance of a very dirty rainbow. Over them presides an unwashed blonde goddess, who signifies, by the extreme style of her costume and coiffure, that she keeps an intelligence office as a pastime or fad, or, maybe, for the study of human nature. She smiles as sweetly as the "Bloom of Youth" will permit her, as the lady inquires for the "Protestant cook." "So sorry, but she has already been taken; but I have others here" (with a comprehensive wave of the hand toward the various beetle-browed, cross-eyed, flannel-mouthed malaperts, who turn their expressionless eyes toward her) "who have the best of references and are all excellent servants." But with the support of her long list in her hand, the searching housekeeper feels able to decline, with some little asperity, the offer of the unwashed goddess, and gets into the fresh air as quickly as possible. Number two on the list is: "A smart, competent cook, with best of references, desires a position in a first-class family." Ascertaining that this can not be an employment office, she takes eight or ten wrong horse-cars, wishes she had thought to take a cab, and finally is confronted by the competent cook, and the following dialogue ensues:

"You want a place as cook, I believe?"
 "Yes, sum."
 "Where have you lived?"
 Girl produces soiled piece of paper, upon which is stated that "the bearer lived for six weeks in my family, and I found her strong, smart, and a good bread maker," signed by some suburban house-keeper, ten years back.
 "Is thi' all the reference you have?"
 "Yes, sum." (Signs of belligerency.)
 "Where have you lived since?"
 "Been home." (Increased belligerency.)
 Searching housekeeper thinks she will hedge a little and waive the matter of references.
 "Can you make all kinds of soap?"
 "Yes, sum."
 "What kinda?" (Terrific scowl on competent cook's face.)
 "What kinda of deserts can you make?"
 "All kinda."
 "Well name some of them, please."
 "Aw, I don't think I'll be after talking wid

Louise Weber Markscheffel.

We reproduce from the *Journalist* the accompanying portrait and sketch. Mrs. Markscheffel's clever work is not unknown to readers of *SATURDAY NIGHT* through her article in the current Christmas Number.



from loss of fortune has, with the strength and vigor of her pen, achieved that which is so dear to dependent women—absolute independence and a constantly growing power to do well the work that lies in her chosen vocation.

The subject of this portrait began her journalistic work with the *Toledo (Ohio) Sunday Journal*, some three years since. Developing her particular department—the social page—until it became the recognized strongest feature of the paper, she has extended her duties to include those of associate editor, particularly directing the dramatic and musical columns of the paper.

Mrs. Markscheffel is a crisp, incisive, forceful writer, excelling in epigram and vigor of sentence-coloring, and has extended, not only her own, but the influence of the paper with which she is identified in a marked degree. She is one who writes to tell, rather than say something, and although exclusively connected with one of the less generally known Sunday papers of the west, her work, particularly correspondence, discussions of home topics, and clean cut, briefly put, silhouettes of customs and manners, has found its way into many of the metropolitan papers. Personally, she is a brilliant conversationalist; bright, witty and vivacious, and has the happy faculty of conducting her work in such manner as to combine the dignity of the lady with the research of the expert.

In Toledo, where Mrs. Markscheffel has lived from childhood until now in early womanhood, she is known as a brave little woman who, suffering reverses

ye any longer; you're too fussy for a first-class cook to get on wid."

"Well, I hardly think you would do if you can't tell me what you can cook."

"Aw, I wouldn't live wid ye for a dollar a minute; no, I wouldn't!" and the competent cook bangs the door against the heels of the retreating housekeeper.

Resolving not to enter into any conversation whatever with the next advertiser if she shows any such signs of bad temper as the last one, she is agreeably surprised to see a calm-faced woman of extreme composure and serene manner. Changing her somewhat ruffled expression for a pleasant, amicable one, she seats herself before this emblem of servility with a sigh of relief.

"You want a place as cook, I believe?"

"Yes, madam."

"Where have you been living?"

"With Judge Greenbag, in Beacon street, and the Flop-Doodles, in Common wealth avenue; the Hon. Snyder K. Cheest of New York, and the Reserves in Milton. I have also accommodated for the Lawns and the Tennessees in Brookline."

"Ah, then you must, of course, be a good cook, I should judge. You make all kinds of soups, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, ma'am, I can; although none of the families I have lived in cared much for soups."

Searching housekeeper feels crushed, and wonders why Mr. E. W. Sherwood or Christine Terhune Herriek or Theodora Child have never mentioned that soup is optional in the best families. Swallows once, and asks: "Deserts! I suppose you make all kinds—jellies, custards, molded puddings, etc.?"

"Well, most of all the places I have been in, ma'am, they were very fond of fruit for dessert, and then they had ice cream from the caterer when they wanted anything extra."

Searching housekeeper does not stop to think this time, but swallows again, and asks: "Bread—you can make rolls, I suppose, and all kinds of muffins?"

"Well, it is some time since I made any rolls, for they have always bought them of the French baker wherever I lived, or ordered them from some of these poor ladies' exchanges. Once in awhile I would make a little loaf-bread but they generally ate those long French twists."

"Meats, vegetables?" gasps the searching housekeeper.

"Well, the kitchen-maid always attended to the vegetables and baked the meats. Of course I'm willing to prepare them."

"But I don't keep a kitchen-maid."

"Where do you live, madam?"

"With a tremendous effort, in which defiance, shame, and desperation mingle, madam replies: "At the South End."

"Oh, madam, I couldn't live at the South End. I should never be able to find my way out there."

And madam retires briskly before her inclination to fling things can be gratified. She goes through her list to find a girl who can cook,

During a Louisiana Flood.



Mr. Lukers—Pleasant ebenin', Miss Swasey.
 Miss Ponchatrain—Right smart. Looks a little laik rain, dough.
 Mr. Lukers—Da's whad I was thinkin'. Would yo' jess as soon postpone our moonlight drive till t'morrow?
 Miss Ponchatrain—Suttinly.
 Mr. Lukers—Tanks. Good ebenin'.
 Miss Ponchatrain—Good ebenin'.—Judge.

The Mystery of the Panelled House

A ROMANCE.

By EVERETT GREEN

Author of "My Grave," "Miss Cecily," Etc.

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CHAPTER XIV. PATRICIA'S MISSION.

Patricia Richmond and her brother were to dine that night in a quiet way at Eagle's Crag. For once in her life the hospitable hostess was glad to see her guests depart, which they did in good time after the interrupted billiard-match. It was not easy to shake off the awkwardness that is the necessary sequel of a scene like the one described in the last chapter, and there was none of the lingering over tea and last words which generally characterized all Patricia's little parties. People did not know which side in the family quarrel she was disposed to take, for the Richmonds were intimate with both houses; and as no one could think of anything else, they rather desired to get away to discuss it at ease amongst themselves.

When at last the great room was cleared, and Gerald had seen off the last of the guests, he came back to his sister with an anxious face. "Well, Patricia, what do you think of it?" "Exactly what I was going to ask you, Gerald. Is it all a clever piece of acting, or is it genuine?"

"Acting? Why should it be acting?" "Do you not know what offence this friend ship has always given—"

But Gerald made a little half impatient sign of dissent. "That's all a woman's notion, Patricia; but men don't go to work that way. Besides, everyone knows that there is a bone of contention between them."

"And that is?" "Miss St. Cyr. It does not take two eyes to see that they are both over head and ears in love with her. Surely you have seen it yourself."

Patricia leaned forward to stir the fire. "I have wondered, but I have not been severe. Cedric, of course, is paying open court."

"Well, I don't know—I should say that of the two, Mervyn was the more open. Don't you know that he regularly visits at Vansittart's? Who else has ever got a footing in that house?"

"He goes there after some researches they are making—now to see Miss St. Cyr."

Gerald laughed. "He may say that possibly; it may serve as a blind, but young men like Mervyn do not consort with fellows of Vansittart's type for nothing."

"Corona St. Cyr has no eyes for Mervyn when Cedric is near."

"You think not? Well I have that idea myself. I think Mervyn has too, for he is not looking at all himself just now. Something is plainly preying on his mind; but he goes still to the Panelled House, and Cedric is furiously jealous."

"It is not like Cedric." "Love and jealousy will change a man strangely. He was plainly the aggressor to-day."

"You thought so." "The ball was on the bank line to be sure; but no more in bulk than his own. If he had spoken before the stroke was made, the idea would have been accented as preposterous, but he plainly meant to pick a quarrel. Nothing could be more offensive than his way of speaking when the thing was done. It was a thousand pities old Huddleston was not talking."

"I never knew Cedric could be so cutting. It is difficult to believe he meant it."

"Of course he is angry on his brother's account; but there was no need to taunt the son with Lord Doversfield's rash blow. It was particularly ungenerous, considering the past friendship; but that is always the way with a discarded rival, nothing is bad enough. Mervyn behaved very well."

"Mervyn always does," said Patricia, in a low voice, "but I am disappointed in Cedric." There was a pause, which Gerald broke.

"Didn't you say you were going round by the Towers to inquire for Jack, before we go up to the other house?"

"Yes, I promised Marjorie I would come and see him. He is able to talk now, and asked if I would come. I suppose I must not disappoint him."

"Well, you go there, then, and I will walk up to the Crag. I don't feel much disposed to meet Cedric just now. I might be tempted to speak some home truths; and of all things my real wish is to keep out of this family quarrel, as we always have done so far. I never will condescend to take a side in it; and I think I had better not see Cedric too soon."

"Very well. I will go alone."

And in effect, in the course of another hour, Patricia's carriage drew up before the door of the Towers, and Marjorie came running downstairs to meet her.

"On, I'm so glad you've come; Jack is so looking forward to it; how gorgeous you are, Patricia, are you going to dine out? How did the match go off? Who won? Cedric has not come home yet."

Patricia avoided answering, and went upstairs to Jack, who was still in bed and in a darkened room, but he was much better in himself and delighted to see visitors, for he was quite unused to illness, and voted it all a "horrid bore."

When he heard Patricia's destination he roused up more eagerly than before.

"Oh, then you will see Miss Castleton? Patricia, do tell her not to mind. Marjorie heard from someone that she was quite out of about what Lord Doversfield had done. Now do give her a message from me—there's a kind, good, beneficent Patricia! Tell her I don't care a bit. Tell her if it was in her service I'd be proud to take hard knocks every day of my life. Say all that; and tell her it isn't palaver—I really mean it. Will you, now?"

"I don't know if I ought; but I suppose I shall," answered Patricia, laughing.

"Ah! you always were a good fairy—universal benefactor. Hello! here's Cedric! Well, lad, how did the tournament go?"

Cedric started a little as he saw Patricia, and for a moment his face flushed; but then his smile of rare sweetness shone over his face, and he said in a low voice:

"I am glad you are here. May I speak to you a moment before you leave?"

Patricia bent her head, and went on talking to Jack in a pleasant, chatty way that directed his mind from the thought of the billiard match, and from all other dangerous subjects, and when she had at last to leave, she promised to come soon and let him know how his message to Cicely had been received.

On the landing outside she encountered Cedric, who had left the room before her, and was waiting at the door of a little boudoir into which he drew her.

"I feel I owe you an apology," he said in the gentle, straightforward way that had marked his manner from childhood. He stood before her tall and straight, with a peculiarly sweet expression on his handsome, open face. "I know it seemed an intolerable piece of insolence—I am very sorry it was forced upon me at your house. We—I did not think of that just at the time. I don't want to talk about it even to you, Patricia. I think it better to leave things as they are. But will you forgive me, even though I seem not to deserve it—I try to believe that I am not quite the brute I appeared?"

She looked at him steadily, her own heart growing relieved of its heavy weight; and after a moment's close scrutiny she held out

her hand.

"I forgive you, Cedric—indeed I doubt if any forgiveness is needed. I ask no questions. It is better, perhaps, that I should know nothing but the bare fact that you have quarrelled." She smiled as she spoke, and he replied by a bright, answering look.

"Yes, we have quarrelled," he answered steadily. "I am only sorry that it happened at your house."

"I am sorry that it has happened at all. I am too fond of you both to be pleased at the turn matters have taken."

"They may right themselves in time," answered Cedric, evasively. "Meantime, be surprised at nothing you hear or see."

The dinner at Eagle's Crag passed off rather brilliantly. Lord Doversfield was in excellent spirits, for he had heard of the fracas at the billiard-table, and how his son had walked off and declined to play with anyone not a gentleman, and he was in a high state of exultation. Mervyn was more wide awake than usual, and talked with an animation that was really merry mood, and the party, which was a select gathering of really intimate friends, made merry together, and enjoyed the Viscount's sallies vastly.

No allusion was made to the events of the afternoon, and though Mervyn took in Patricia's never spoken word on the subject, he followed his lead, glad to see him like his old self again; for, although this animation was not quite like him, yet it did not seem forced, and the cloud which had rested so long upon his brow had departed altogether to-night.

The old pleasant friendship and mutual understanding between him and his father, appeared entirely re-established by this time, and it was almost touching to see with what fond pride the earl listened to his son's conversation, though he made an effort to check his satisfaction behind a mask of dignified indifference.

Cicely's was the gravest face at the table. She looked pale and a little anxious, and once or twice her glance caught Patricia's as if she would fain ask a question if she dared.

Indeed, Cicely had been decidedly unhappy ever since the day of the accident upon the lake. Up to that time she had never taken any particular interest in Jocelyn Musgrave, though when they had been together, she had followed the same company she had felt amused by his flow of spirits, and not altogether unconscious of the admiration he was always ready to show for herself. Her position at her cousin's house, however, forbade any outward manifestation of good will; and it was not until he had saved her from what might have been a serious accident, but for his skill and promptitude, that she realized any link of feeling between them.

Something in his face that day, as well as in the sound of his voice, had brought home to her a thrill of inexplicable gladness and gratitude. She felt that he willingly owed her life to him, and was justly proud of the thought of her misadventure, until Lord Doversfield had ventured and told his sister with a sort of proud satisfaction of the chastisement inflicted on the insolent intruder.

Poor Cicely! Since that time her life had been quite embittered. Of course, the earl was sincerely sorry for what he had done, but much too proud to make any kind of apology. He had received too many insults from the rival house of Musgrave to feel any very deep compunction for a single act of retaliation. If the young man had told his business he would have escaped unscathed; as he chose to assume a jaunty air of impudence, he must take the consequences of his folly.

Such had been Lord Doversfield's judgment; but it did not make Cicely less miserable. She heard all kinds of exaggerated reports of Jack's illness, and almost feared his very death would next lie at her door. She thought about him in a fashion that was rather dangerous for a young girl of romantic disposition, for Cicely, though outwardly grave and self-contained, was but twenty, and as full of high flown ideas as most young maidens of that immature age.

So Patricia, who read these signs in her face, took pity upon her, and delivered Jack's message, word for word; and Cicely went happy to bed that night, dreamy and full of hope, and of Jack; whilst even then the dark cloud of coming woe was sweeping up black and lowering in the mirror of the sky.

CHAPTER XV.

MRS. MUSGRAVE VISITS THE PANELLED HOUSE.

Mr. Musgrave was so delighted with the story of the billiard match and the "foul stroke" and accompanying insult, that Cedric rose once into his own room, and he clapped him on the back, and called him a fine fellow. He declared to his wife that he would live to be a credit to his house, and a thorn in the side of their proud neighbors, and was altogether so pleased and elated that Mrs. Musgrave was seriously discomfited.

She threw out some dark hints to the effect that Cedric was playing a double game; but as was natural under the circumstances, produced but little impression, and was in great fear herself that her stepson had entirely changed his position towards the other house. She saw very well his attachment to Corona St. Cyr, and understood the motive for his antagonism to the Viscount.

As to the Panelled House, where he was to be placed, and she felt certain what was the real motive of his desire to obtain a footing there.

All this while Mrs. Musgrave had never herself called upon her distant kinsman, Mr. Vansittart. She did not want to call attention to her design of winning the heiress for her own son; but she was really more set upon it than ever, for if there was any doubt of Jocelyn's heirship of Musgrave Towers, a rich marriage was an imperative necessity, as she knew that her husband's pride in his landed property was so great that he would leave the bulk of his fortune for the maintenance of the palatial house in true palatial style.

But Cedric seemed to stand in her path whichever way she looked. What could be done to get him out of the way?

At dusk on day she stood before the door of the Panelled House, and after a certain amount of delay was ushered into Mr. Vansittart's study.

He received her with his peculiar smile. "I thought I should see you here one of these days," was his comment, as he drew up a chair and invited her to be seated.

"I am afraid I have been very neglectful of our kinship all these years," she said, as if pure good-will towards Mr. Vansittart had brought her here. "But from the way you shut yourself up, I imagined that you desired seclusion, and only your recent appearance in society led me to hope you were about to make a change in your ways."

"We have all to adapt ourselves to circumstances," was the smiling answer, as Mr. Vansittart looked at his visitor through half closed eyes. "The care of two fair young girls is a great tie; but at the same time a source of infinite pleasure."

"How came you to be appointed guardian?" The question was a little blunt, but it did not appear to give offence.

"You think the choice of guardian peculiar? I suppose many people do the same. Indeed, it seems so to me at times. St. Cyr and I were at school together. We were, in boy's language, 'chums.' He was rich and careless, and was poor and careful; and in the end I managed all his financial affairs for him, and he profited

by it greatly. After our school days we never met. He married an Italian and lived abroad. She died, and he took to a life of travel. Occasionally we corresponded. Once he wrote to ask leave to appoint the guardian to his two daughters, and trustee of their fortunes till the elder one came of age. They were both in the convent, where they had been educated, and it was not likely I should ever be called upon to act, as my friend was still young, and the elder girl not so many years from the attainment of her majority. She has all her mother's, as well as half her father's money, and is something of an heiress, as no doubt you know."

"They say she is worth half a million."

"Divide that by ten, and you will get more nearly at the mark. But people love to gossip. Well, the father died suddenly, rather more than a year ago. I left the girls for a time where they were, then brought them home with me; it seemed right that they should see something of their father's native land."

"Just so; and if Corona marries, she should certainly marry an Englishman."

"I believe she has every intention of doing so."

Mrs. Musgrave started. "Surely you have observed it too. I thought it was plain enough the other night. Your handsome young stepson wins all the ladies' hearts, Mrs. Musgrave. It seemed to me that there was an excellent understanding existing between him and Corona."

"My dear Mrs. Musgrave, still, thinking deeply, and seeing the man before her with stealthy glances. She could not read the expression upon that crafty face. It looked cruel enough to satisfy even her, but his words were smoother than butter."

"Should you approve?" she began, flatteringly, and his smile was blinder than ever.

"Whom better could I hope to secure for the sweet girl, than the handsome young heir of Musgrave Towers?"

A hot flush swept over Mrs. Musgrave's face, which darkened like a thunder cloud. "Do not reckon upon that!" she said hastily. "There is no entail; and if my husband has any sense of moral justice, it is my son Jocelyn who will be his heir."

Mr. Vansittart did not question her rather peculiar code of moral justice, perhaps he had felt that they had fenced long enough, for he leaned suddenly forward and said:

"Let us drop the mask and be frank. In plain English, Cedric is in your way."

"Yes; the heirship was promised to my children, but I have never been able to get a will drawn up excluding Cedric; and he is beginning at last to see the bearing of things, and to plot to retain his birthright—or what he would call such."

"Most unbecomingly conduct in an eldest son!—and you want to keep him out of the way?"

"Yes." "Whilst the clever dog, to have a second string to his bow, enters into a clandestine engagement with the heiress!"

"You don't mean they are engaged?" "I do, indeed. They are too late."

"Not at all. By the exercise of a little simple ingenuity we shall easily contrive that Jocelyn is made his father's heir, and that Corona gives up her handsome lover for one more really worthy."

Mrs. Musgrave looked fixedly at her companion, his face, with its intensity of subtle power and cruel purpose, was terrible. She feared him, whilst she longed to hear more.

"And how can you achieve that?" "Very simply—by putting Cedric out of the way."

Mrs. Musgrave turned a little pale. "Do you mean—killing him?" the last words were merely whispered.

The smile on Mr. Vansittart's face was not a pleasant one to see. "My dear madam, your ideas are, if I may be allowed to criticize a lady, what might be called a little crude. I am aware that a murder would simplify your way completely, as a dead man cannot inherit his father's wealth; but it would not answer my purpose at all. In order that we should fully understand one another, and play into each other's hands, I will frankly state that I intend to marry a girl named Cecily. I will undertake that your son Jocelyn inherits his father's patrimony, and will keep Maudie for him if he will wait for her a few years. She will have five and twenty thousand of her own, the little rogue."

To see Jocelyn recognized as his father's heir, and Maudie as his wife, I should be glad to see him like one another; but I do not think they ever will. I resign all thoughts of that. I will help you in every way in my power. Tell me what I can do."

"I will. In the first place you must supply me with money; in the second place you must have a very complete and fabricated story of Cedric's past antecedents that will shake the faith of any trusting maiden."

"The second is easy enough. As to the first, I must do what I can. I have no private funds, and my husband has heavy drains upon him just now. That agent of his—"

"I am aware of it. The agent, Maudie, who is so successful in stirring up strife on Lord Doversfield's property, he requires large sums for bribing and treating. That is so; but, my dear madam, if you can induce your husband to meet the demands of his rapacity, I ask no more; I am content."

"You do not mean—?" "I mean that I have lived long enough to know that if you wish a thing done well, the only way is to do it yourself. I have also learnt another thing—trust no one, unless it be a fellow-conspirator, whose interest in keeping silence is even greater than your own."

"But—but that are the Doversfield's tenants to you? What interest have you in the matter?"

"In them—none at all, save that they may be useful tools. Do you think that Rome was built in a day, or that a delicate scheme of vengeance could be carried out without patience and subtlety and watching? I have been working and waiting—biding my time. And now events are in train—all is ripe for the climax."

"And that is?" "He drew a little nearer, and his voice was lowered to a whisper."

"Do you not know that Lord Mervyn and his stepson are at deadly feud together?"

He watched her face keenly as he put this question. She glanced at him with a look almost as intent, and said with a certain amount of subdued hesitation:

"I have heard so, of course."

"Have you any reason for disbelieving that statement—that opinion?"

"No reason exactly; only a vague instinct. They have been friends from early boyhood."

"Very possibly; and when men who have once been friends become rivals in love, their enmity becomes at once ten-fold more bitter and more deadly."

"Rivals in love?" "Exactly, that was my word. Lord Mervyn is also in love with my fair young ward, and Cedric Musgrave is growing desperately jealous."

"So desperately jealous," pursued Mr. Vansittart in low, even tones, "that there will be mischief between them sooner or later."

Mrs. Musgrave listened eagerly. She knew not how far this man before her was to be trusted, but this statement on his part was corroborated by so much that had gone before that she felt there was truth in it.

"You really think that?" "I more than think it—I know it. Cedric Musgrave is leaguely himself with the disaffected persons on Lord Doversfield's property, who have tried to remove the Viscount from the estate. One of these days there will be some shocking tragedy. The young men will meet, inflamed by passion—that can easily be

arranged beforehand—words will end in blows; and we easily can see how such a contest will end. Your stepson has twice the Viscount's strength."

Mrs. Musgrave listened with a strange look on her face. "But a criminal trial—the exposure and disgrace—Mr. Vansittart; if this encounter is about to take place ought it not to be stopped?"

He looked at her with a calm kind of contempt. "Stop it by all means if you can. You will be a clever woman if you stay the torrent of an angry man's jealousy. But as for the criminal trial, we can avoid that if you wish. As a kinsman of yours—as sweet Corona's guardian—I will do what I can to save you pain. If this rash youth commits himself in such a way as shall bring him within the reach of the law, I will do my utmost to save him from the consequences of his rashness. I will provide the means for his escape from the country if you will furnish the funds."

Mrs. Musgrave sat regarding him fixedly, in silence, and presently he continued. "A criminal and a fugitive can inherit nothing. Your son will inherit his father's wealth and broad lands; and after the hue and cry is over the unpleasantness will soon pass away. Our great Corona will gradually come to see that a murderer would hardly be a husband to her mind; and with the little testimonies of his unworthiness which you will furnish, will come to think she has had a lucky escape."

"If girls had any sense she would."

"But you think they seldom have. Well, I share that opinion myself. I do not think that our dear girl will be very jubilant at her escape from the lot of Cedric's wife; but she will be forced to relinquish all hopes of attaining that object. She will then, I doubt not, fall into a depressed state—for Lord Mervyn, who might chance to try and console her, will then in all probability be out of the way also—and in that low state of nervous depression a woman is easily worked upon. If her heart's darling lay in a bloody grave she would cling to his memory with redoubled tenacity of purpose, and be proud to live her life alone for his sake; but when he has proved himself the shedder of blood, and is wandering with the brand of Cain upon his brow, she will be less difficult to deal with."

To say that Mrs. Musgrave was not shocked at the depth of cunning and calculating villainy revealed by this man in the foregoing conversation, would be to make her out a worse woman than she was; but her lust of gold, and her hatred to Cedric had grown into such a passion with her, that she hardly shrank from any means by which her end might be attained.

Mr. Vansittart, who was a keen student of human nature had not trusted her thus without knowing what he was about. She might recoil at first, but she would come round to his way of thinking later. Indeed, already she was almost won over.

"You will do Cedric no harm?" she questioned, her better nature, such as it was, getting for a moment the upper hand. "Lord Mervyn's danger is no affair of mine. If he chooses to embroil himself with his agents, and stir up Cedric's jealousy, he is welcome to do so. I believe he delights in being reckless, and getting the reputation of bravery; but Cedric is after all my husband's son. I do desire his removal, and if he is bent on assault I have no power to interfere. But I should like to feel that his personal safety will be secured."

He assured that he shall be carefully tended as the scion of such a noble house deserves. Believe me, my dear madam, the proposed course is just—the one and the only one to save him from shame and death. He will be cared for under my own eye. I will see that he is adequately concealed during the first search, and when the right time comes he shall be sent secretly away, and between us we can supply him with funds for his journey, or make him a kind of allowance till he gets independent of aid. Of course, his own property will be forfeited; but he will have no trouble in making his way—a fine young fellow like that. Trust me, my dear Mrs. Musgrave, Cedric shall be well looked after. I will take care of that!"

"And how will you ensure secrecy?" "Ah; that is my affair, good cousin. I have an idea in my head; but it would be better not to talk needlessly on such points. Trust me, he shall be safe; I know what I am doing. I too have a plan to gain."

Mrs. Musgrave shivered slightly. She recalled sinister stories about this man, yet after all there was nothing so very evil in this proposed plan, which was to save Cedric from the consequences of his own guilt. But why should he be cared to do this?

"May I ask you a question?" "Certainly."

"Have you sufficient evidence that there will be a crime committed? Jealous men have quarrelled most bitterly times without number, yet no thought of bloodshed has entered the mind of either. And Cedric seems to me a peculiarly unlikely man to make such an assault."

Mr. Vansittart's face wore its slight crafty smile. "Rest assured my good madam that I know well what I am about. Your stepson is in love in a fashion that is somewhat dangerously complete, and a man in that mood can be very treacherous when he suspects black treachery from one he has once called friend. Have no fears. Only supply me with funds, and you will have no cause for reproaching me with having played you false."

Mrs. Musgrave rose and held out her hand. "Good-bye," she said, abruptly. "You shall have all I can get."

"It shall not be spent in vain," answered Mr. Vansittart. "In a week from this time you may look forward to hear some startling information."

(To be Continued.)

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: *Sowing the Wind*, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; *A Black Business*, by Hawley Smart; *Violet Vyvian*, M. E. H., by May Cromie; and *J. Moray Brown*, *The Rival Princess*, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

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form of grace is self-consciousness. The really pleasing, graceful, gracious woman rises above her raiment, and once her toilet is complete she gives no more thought to it.



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CHAPTER XXXV.

VIOLET MAKES AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

A week went by after Violet's capture and Mr. Lawrence, although he made every effort, night and day, had not been able to learn anything regarding her mysterious disappearance: neither had the young girl herself succeeded in finding any loop-hole by which she might hope to effect her escape from the custody of her brother-in-law.

She had, however, managed, by her unvarying courtesy and kindness, to win the good-will and sympathy of the woman who waited upon her, although she could not persuade her—withoutstanding she tried every inducement that she could think of, to give her an opportunity to get out of her prison.

"I can't let you go, miss," she said, when Violet pleaded with her and tried to explain that she was abetting a great wrong by keeping her thus confined. "I've taken my oath that I would guard you faithfully as long as your brother kept you here and I can't go back on my word. He said you'd try to wheedle me and tell me all sorts of stories about him, but that was to make no difference; and then I can't afford to lose the pay he gives me."

"What does he pay you?" Violet demanded, eagerly, and thinking that perhaps she might be able to outbid Mr. Mencke.

"I promised I wouldn't tell you that either, miss," Sarah responded; "but it is to be more I ever earned in my life before, if I stick to my engagement; if I don't, and you get away from me, I'm not to have anything."

"I do not care how much he has promised you," Violet said, driven to desperation. "I will give you my note—a written agreement—for a hundred dollars more than he is to give you."

The woman flushed, and seemed to be considering the advisability of taking the tempting bait.

Violet gathered courage from her apparent hesitation.

"My friends must be very anxious about me," she continued, "and I am very sure that the gentleman with whom I have been living—I have been a governess in his family—would also give you something handsome. Besides, it is a crime for you to aid Mr. Mencke in keeping me here against my will."

"But he says he has a right to govern you—that he is your guardian," Sarah returned, thoughtfully.

"He is not; he, with my sister, was made the guardian of some property which my father left me, and which I was not to come in possession of until I was twenty-one; but he has betrayed his trust, and has squandered everything I had, and I shall never get anything," Violet explained.

"It is that, so, is a scam," Sarah said, indignantly; "and if I was sure that your story is true, I'd give up my place and tell him to get somebody else to wait on you; I don't want to get mixed up in your family affairs."

"Oh, no!" Violet cried, looking frightened, as the woman spoke of resigning her post to another; "if you won't let me go, pray stay with me; you at least are kind to me, and Wilhelm might get some one who would abuse me and whom I should be afraid of."

Sarah was touched with this tribute and Violet's evident liking for her.

"Well, I should hate to leave you, miss, I confess," she said, "for I've never seen any lady, in high life, before, who was so pleasant and sympathetic to poor folks; but I've given my word and I can't go back on it. I don't set myself up for a saint," she interposed, with a short, bitter laugh. "I'm far from being one, though since you've been here, I've begun to wish I could be a better woman. But I can't go back on my word, besides—a flush mounting to her brow—"he, Mr. Mencke, has got a good hook on my man, who ain't any better'n he ought to be, and he swears that he will clap him in jail if I turn traitor."

Violet saw that it would be useless to argue the question further with her, and that she not only would not aid her in any attempt to escape, but would resolutely defeat any effort on her part to get away; so nothing remained to her but to try to think of some stratagem by which she might obtain her freedom.

The time hung very heavily on her hands, for she was too unhappy to take any interest in reading, though she was abundantly supplied with books and papers, and she found it very hard to be patient in her trouble.

She knew, of course, that Wilhelm Mencke could not always keep her a prisoner there; that when he should accomplish the purpose—whatever it might be—for which he had brought her there, he would doubtless let her go.

Still it might be a long time, and she rebelled more and more against her disagreeable situation.

One thing distressed her exceedingly; she felt sure, and indeed Wilhelm had hinted, that one of his projects was to get money out of Mr. Lawrence for her release, and she could not endure the thought of being employed as an instrument to "bleed" her kind friend—to use a bit of slang; but, though the weary days were mostly spent in deep and perplexing thought, no feasible plan for escape had yet occurred to her.

One morning, nearly a fortnight after her capture, Wilhelm Mencke came into her room, while in his hand he held a large business-looking envelope.

She had not seen much of him thus far, for, as we know, she had frankly told him that she wanted him to keep away, for his presence was disagreeable to her.

She saw at once that he had come with some special object in view, and her curiosity was aroused to know what it might be.

"How do you find yourself, Violet?" he asked, helping himself to a chair, and regarding her searchingly.

"As well as I could expect to be under the circumstances," she replied, coldly. "Then she demanded, spiritily: "How long do you intend to keep me shut up like this, Wilhelm Mencke? I insist that you tell me. I cannot endure this suspense."

He laughed at her anger.

"You don't find it very agreeable to be caged, do you, my pretty one? And you are looking a trifle pale from the confinement. What a pity it is that you didn't marry your English earl; then you'd have escaped all this disagreeable experience," he sneered.

Violet did not reply to this taunt, and he resumed, in the same strain:

"I suppose you think that his lordship is visiting here just now? Perhaps you'd like to send him word of your uncomfortable predicament, and see if he would come to your rescue."

"Lord Cameron in New York!" Violet exclaimed.

"Yes; but the fact can't benefit you, and your chance of hooking him again, under any circumstances, would be very slim," Mr. Mencke retorted.

"You are very rude, Wilhelm," Violet replied, indignantly, though a flush dyed her cheeks at the coarse insinuation. "I have no desire to marry Lord Cameron or any one else; but I would be glad to undeceive him about that terrible accident at Mentone and let him know that I am still living. I know that he would be glad and would be my friend as of old, for he is a noble man through and through."

"Well, he has managed to console himself for your loss," Mr. Mencke returned, with some asperity, for it angered him to see how little she regretted the position she had forfeited.

"for he is going to be married, and right soon, to a New York belle."

"Lord Cameron going to be married!" Violet repeated, surprise and interest in her tones. "To whom?"

"Nobody you know, I'll warrant," said her brother-in-law; "but she belongs to the upper crust of the city."

"But what is her name?" persisted Violet.

"Humphrey—Miss Agnes Humphrey."

"I do know her, and oh, I am so glad!"

Wilhelm, this is the pleasantest thing you have told me in years. Miss Agnes Humphrey is one of the sweetest girls I have ever seen, and she will make a lovely Lady Cameron. I would give a great deal to be able to congratulate him upon having won her."

"Well, Violet, I must say you are the queerest girl I ever heard of," said her companion, gruffly. "Here you have let such a chance as that slip through your fingers, and now you seem delighted to have another woman walk into your shoes."

An expression of scorn curled the girl's lips. She was disgusted with the coarseness of this man, who could only think of position and pecuniary advantage in connection with marriage, without regard to love or honor. But she made him no answer; she knew that he could not appreciate her motives nor the refined sensitiveness that had made her shrink from marrying Lord Cameron for his wealth, when she had no love to give him.

"Well, all that is past and gone, and Cameron's doings are nothing to us now," the man went on, after a moment. "I came to see you this morning chiefly on business—I have a paper here that I want you to sign."

"You want me to sign a paper? Of what nature?" Violet demanded.

"That doesn't matter. I simply want your signature."

"But you cannot expect me to sign anything blindly," the young girl persisted. "I must know the nature of the document before I put my name to it."

"What has got into you?" Wilhelm Mencke exclaimed with an oath; "you used to sign these papers readily enough when I wanted to dispose of property for you."

"True, for I believed in you then, Wilhelm. I had confidence in your integrity."

"And you haven't now, I suppose I am to infer from that," he sneered.

"No; how can I when you have so betrayed your trust? But what do you wish to dispose of now? I thought my real estate had all been sold, and that you had given up all money belonging to me," she replied, regarding him suspiciously.

"No; there's something more belonging to you yet, and I only want to turn it into ready money for you," he replied, but shifting uneasily under her searching look.

"Of what does this property consist?" Violet inquired.

"That doesn't matter. You are too young and inexperienced to understand business affairs. Just write your name on this line," he said, unfolding the paper in his hand, and pointing out the line, as he laid it before her, while he also passed her a stylographic pen, and I will attend to everything for you then, Wilhelm. I had confidence in your integrity."

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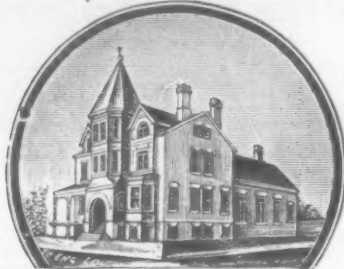
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Our art. Perfection in Fit, Fashion and Finish. Special attention to Costumes and Mantle making.

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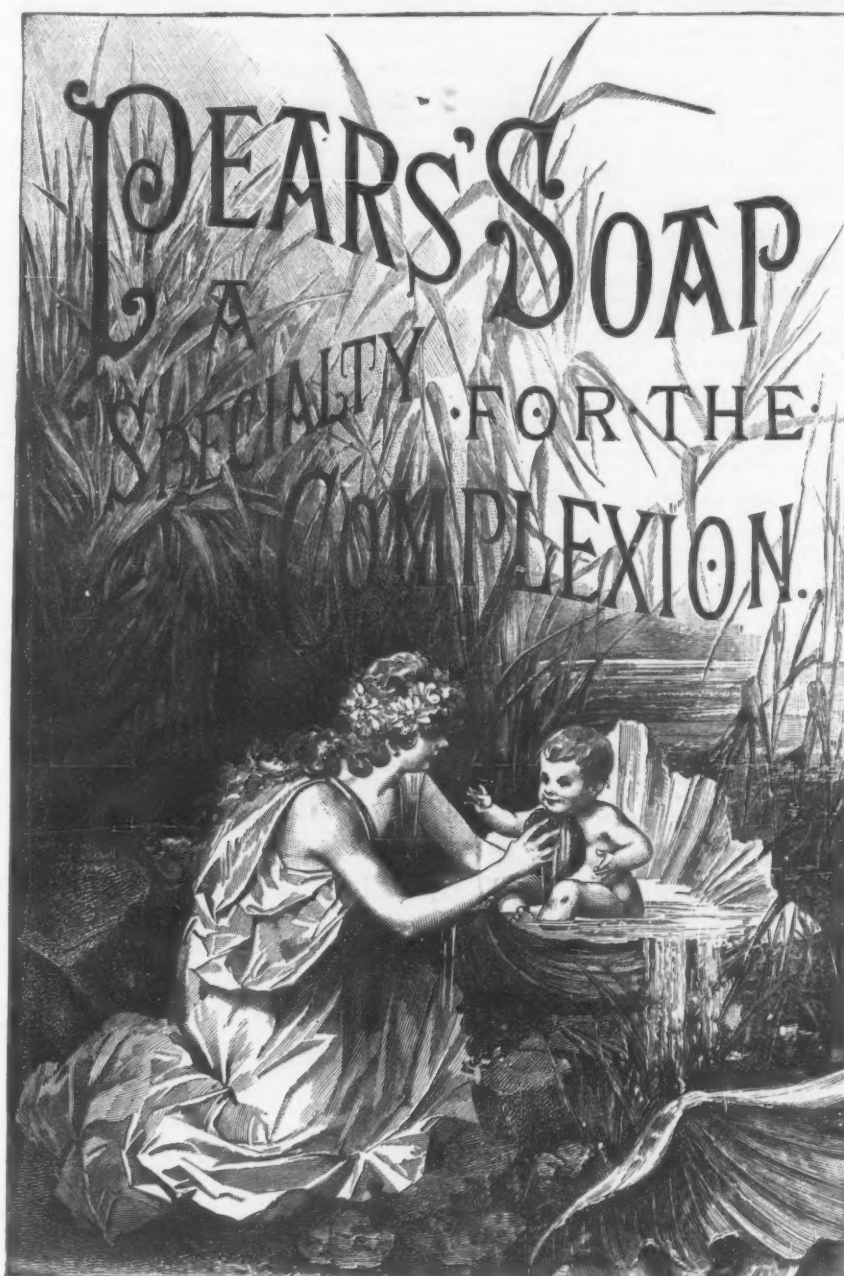
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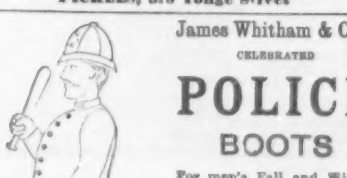
is now complete, and would invite early inspection.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.
STEWART—At Toronto, on November 27, Mrs. Fred.
 J. Stewart—a son.
WRIGHT—At Clinton, on November 28, Mrs. C. H. C.
 Wright—a son.
CHESNUT—At Alliston, Ont., on November 6, Mrs. T.
 Herbert Chesnut—a son.
NEWLAND—At Enniskillen, on November 30, Mrs.
 Samuel Newland—a son.

Marriages.
ATRE-MACLEAN—At Stanley House, Lake Joseph, on
 November 27, Charles R. Atre to Maude Minnie Maclean.
BELL-McWHARTER—At Petrolia, on November 27,
 J. J. Bell, B. A., to Selma McWharter.
WATSON-RUSSELL—In Caledon Township, on Novem-
 ber 26, Thomas Watson to Jessie Russell.
BRUNN-SPEIGHT—At Markham, on November 26,
 Benjamin R. Brun to Lillian Speight.
MATLAND-GOULD—At Southville, Pa., on November
 26, John Matland to Mrs. Adella Gould.
BURDEN-EATON—At Toronto, on December 2, Charles
 E. Burden to Maggie Eaton.
ACHESON-PHYMISTER—At Montreal, on December 3,
 George Acheson, M. A., M. B., of Toronto, to Louise Phymister.
HOWARD-MAUGHAN—At Toronto, on November 26,
 Theodor Howard to Florence Maughan.
McLAGAN-CLARK—At Hamilton, on December 2, Alex.
 McLagan to Ann Clark.
PORTERFIELD-CASTLE—At Toronto, on November 19,
 Thomas A. Porterfield to Eleanor L. Castle.
STOVEL-HORSNELL—At Toronto, on November 26,
 Albert E. Stovel to Annette A. Horsnell.

Deaths.
CULSTER—On November 28, Thomas Culster, aged 49
 years.
SUTHERLAND—At Oakville, on November 30, Thomas
 J. Sutherland, M. D., aged 52 years.
LEMEUX—At Toronto, on November 30, Mrs. Lemieux,
 aged 60 years.
LYNCH—At Sacramento, Cal., on November 29, Mrs.
 Margaret Lynch.
O'HALLORAN—At Toronto, Mrs. Johanna O'Halloran,
 aged 100 years.
MORTON—At Chatham, Ont., on November 28, Mrs.
 Robert Morton, aged 49 years.
DUGGAN—At Brantford, on December 1st, Mrs. Ann
 Duggan, aged 72 years.
HOLLAND—At Toronto, on November 29, Mrs. Martha
 Holland.
LOUDON—At Toronto, on November 28, John Lorn
 Loudon, aged 12 years.
CHASE—At Cornwallis, N. S., on December 1, Mrs.
 Rebecca Albert Chase.
SPARROW—At Toronto, on December 1, Oscar J.
 Sparrow, aged 18 years.
CRISHOLM—At Hamilton, on December 1, Katie
 Crisholm, aged 18 years.
BURROWS—At Dundas, on November 30, Mrs. George
 F. Burrows.
YOUNG—At Port Union, on November 28, William Elliot
 Young, aged 66 years.
GORDON—At Toronto, on November 29, daughter of
 F. and Janet P. Gordon, aged 5 months.
STACKHOUSE—At Toronto, on November 29, Mrs.
 Armina Massey Stackhouse.
McNAUGHTON—At Vaughan, on November 23, Mrs.
 Isabella McNaughton, aged 75 years.
BOLPH—At Cincinnati, on November 28, Mrs. Grace
 Bolph, aged 71 years.
LAWRENCE—At Toronto, on December 3, William Law-
 rence, aged 66 years.
STURGEON—At Toronto, on December 3, Cumberland
 Sturgeon, aged 8 years.

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 size and elegance. Our rapid growth in Toronto is a good
 proof that Prof. Thomas is the Teacher! For we have
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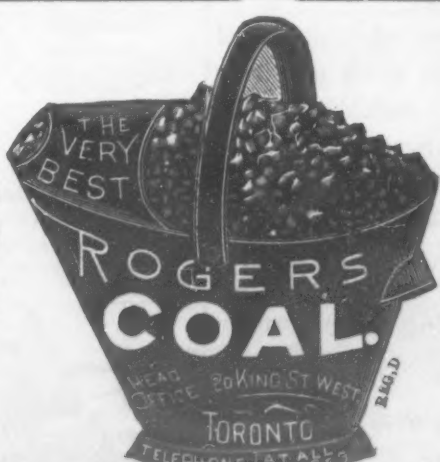
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 Seal and Persian Lamb Capes

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A full line of the leading English and American Silk and Felt
 Hats always in stock. A large consignment of Lincoln & Bennett's
 celebrated London Hats just arrived. Our new Illustrated Cata-
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The Golden Crown, Yonge Street

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 find themselves forced to unload about

\$10,000.00

Ten thousand dollars' worth of Dress Goods, Millinery, Mantles, Mantle Cloths, Velvets,
 Plushes, Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies' Underclothing, Corsets, etc., before January 1.

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All goods marked in plain figures. An inspection cordially invited.

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